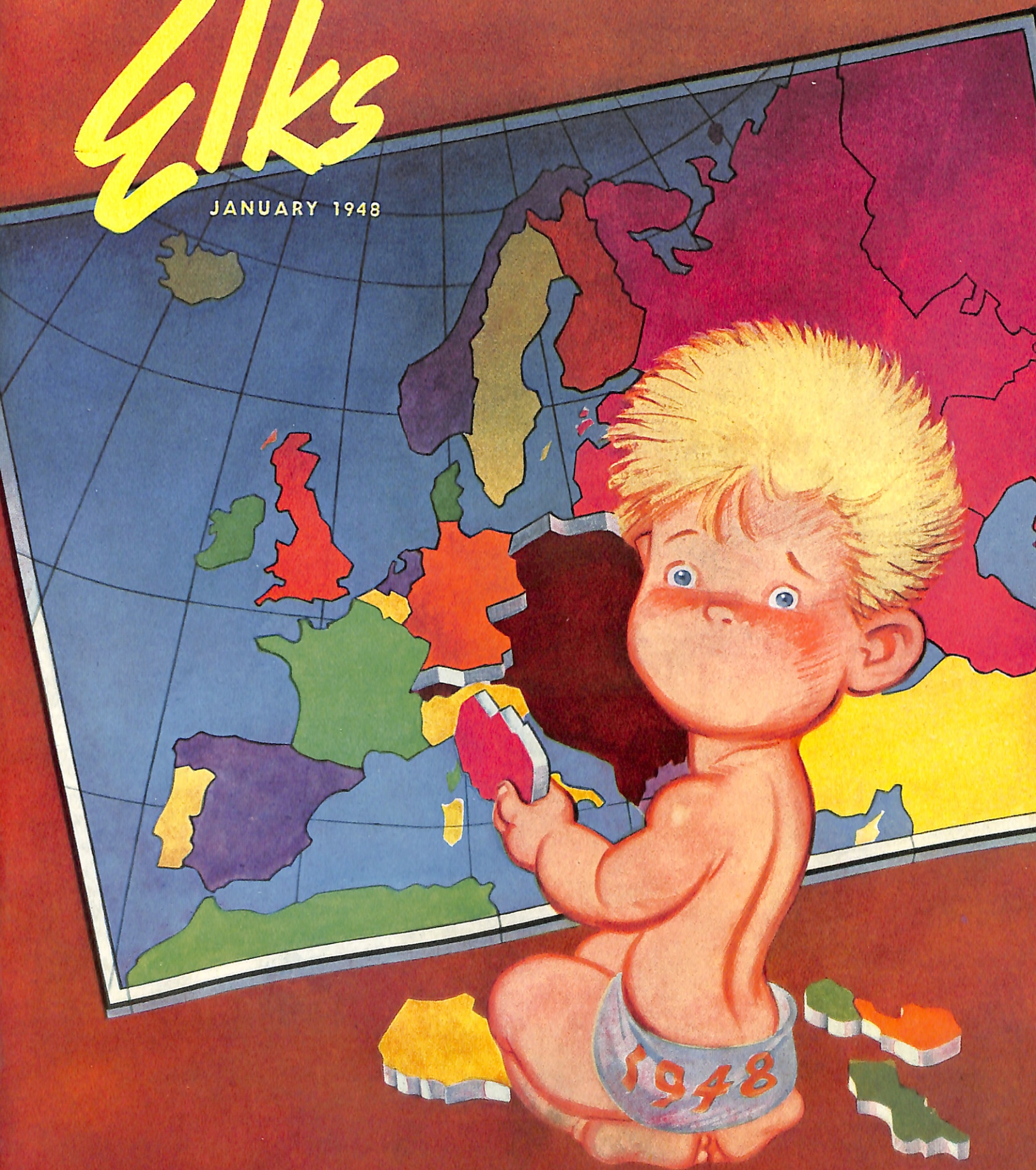
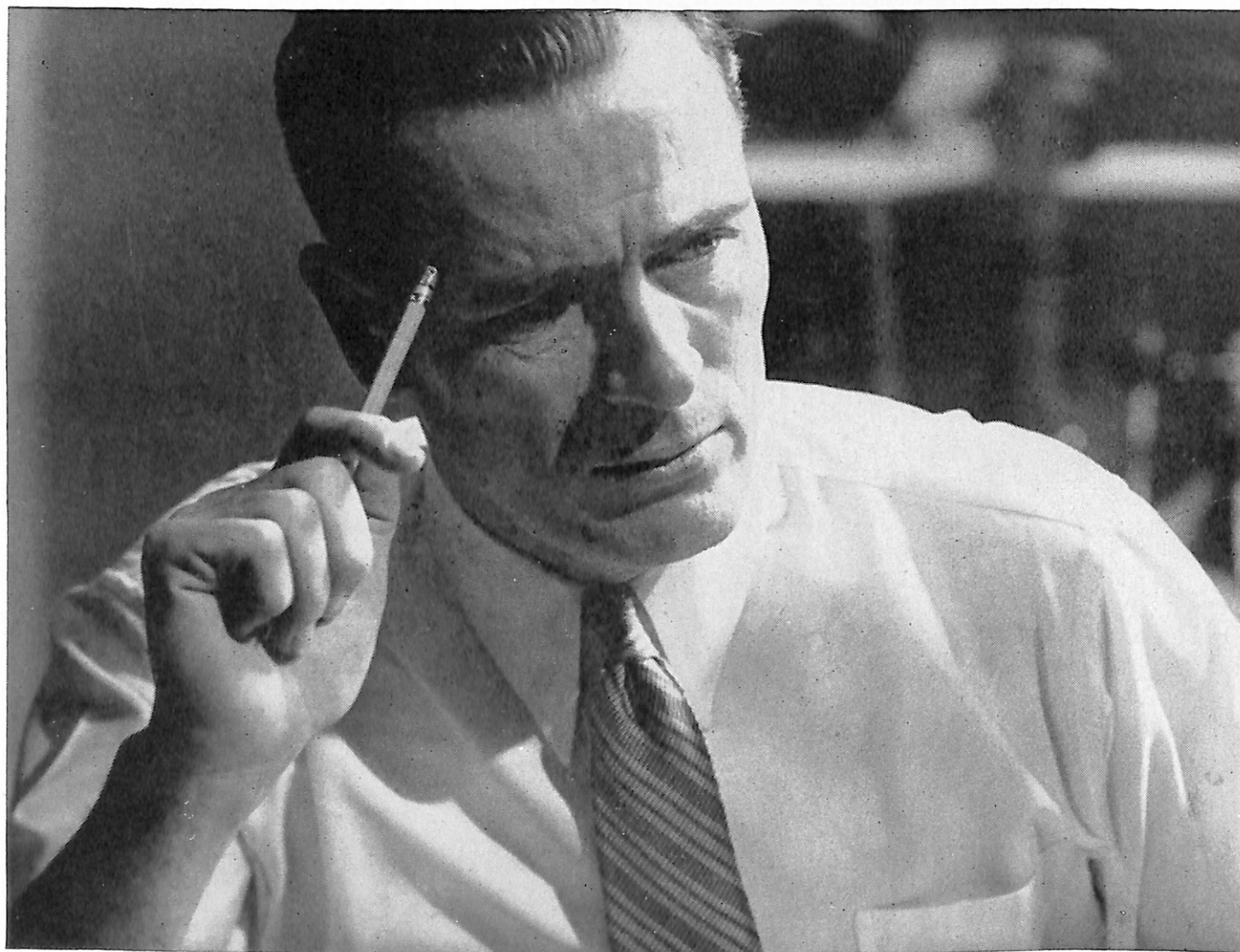


Elks

JANUARY 1948





When does a man start slipping?

The moment comes to every man.

The moment when he realizes that he isn't the man he used to be . . .

That the days of his peak earning power are over . . .

That some day not so very far away some younger man will step into his shoes.

When does this time come?

It varies with many things.

But of one thing you can be sure. It will come to you as surely as green apples get ripe— and fall off the tree.

Is this something to worry about? Well, yes. But . . . constructively. For that kind of worrying can lead you to save money systematically.

What's the best way to do this? By buying U. S. Savings Bonds . . . *automatically*. Through the Payroll Savings Plan. Or through the Bond-A-Month Plan at your checking account bank.

Either method is an almost foolproof system of saving. It's automatic. You don't put it off. There's no "I'll start saving next month"—no "Let's bust the piggy bank."

And you get back four dollars, at maturity, for every three invested.

So why not take this one step now that will make your future so much brighter?

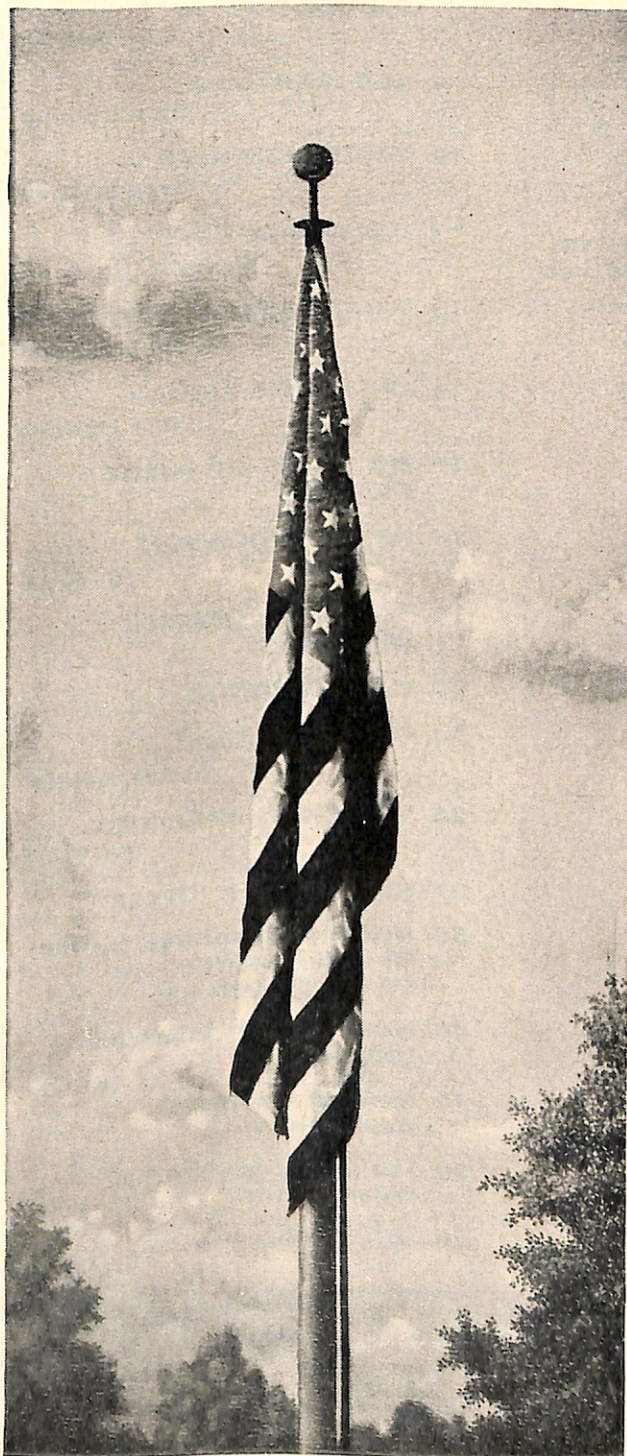
Get on the Payroll Savings Plan—or the Bond-A-Month Plan—today.

Sure saving because it's automatic—U.S. Savings Bonds

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A message from THE GRAND EXALTED RULER



From the painting "Our Flag", by Fred Tripp. Courtesy of the McCleary Clinic and Hospital, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE first of the year usually means new resolutions. Some are observed—some are not.

I offer a resolution for every Elk in every subordinate lodge—a resolution that would be easy to fulfill, and yet the fulfillment of which would constitute a great step forward to our Order and to our Nation.

I urge every member of the Order to take a greater pride in himself, in his Order, and in the United States of America.

If every Elk would resolve that he, in his person, would conduct himself with less selfishness; if he would keep more in mind the rights and beliefs of his fellow men; if he would demand less and give more; if he would think twice before performing acts which reflect poorly on the good name of the Order of Elks, his own self-respect would be vastly augmented!

Self-respect induces a greater respect for pride in our beloved Order. An Elk who is proud of his own lodge, its accomplishments and its reputation in the community is also proud of the Grand Lodge of Elks and its great patriotic and humanitarian achievements. The greater this man's pride in his Order, the longer he will remain a loyal member of it.

Respect for himself and his Order will bring greater pride in this great country and its matchless form of government.

These are times when every member of the Order must exhibit greater vigilance over the liberties and privileges which are ours in America, for no other form of government can offer us what we enjoy and yet take so for granted.

I ask every Elk to demonstrate not how little, but how much he is willing to do to keep America free from foreign domination—to keep America for Elks—to keep Elks always for America.

With pride in ourselves, in our Order and in our Country, we can do much in 1948.

With perfect trust in *all* Elks, I am,

Fraternally yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "L. A. Lewis".

L. A. LEWIS

GRAND EXALTED RULER



**TRACK!
HE'S OFF**

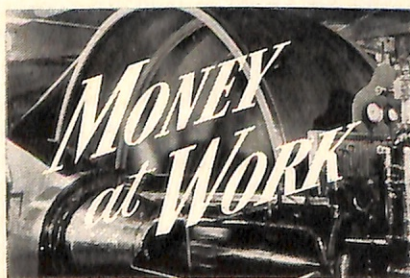
Competitive ski-ing is at its best in Québec. Expert and tyro alike enjoy the full Québec's brilliant sunshine, dry invigorating air and wonderful snow. For help in planning a ski vacation that is different write Provincial Tourist Bureau, Parliament Bldgs., Québec City, Canada.



Write the Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Bldgs., Québec City, for information concerning the unsurpassed industrial opportunities in our province.

Attention:

PROGRAM CHAIRMEN!



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produced for the
NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
by the
MARCH OF TIME

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For loan of 16mm print, with no charge except mailing costs, please write Sidney L. Parry, Association of Stock Exchange Firms, 24 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y.

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NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE
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THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND
PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

MANY of our readers will recognize the young man on the front cover of this issue of the Magazine. He has appeared on a good many New Year covers and he has also expounded the virtues of buying War Bonds and performing other patriotic functions. His creator, Mr. Howard Butler, grows increasingly fond of him.

We are fortunate in securing an article from the former President, now Chairman of the Board, of the National Association of Manufacturers. In our feature article, "The Green Light for Industry", Mr. Bunting explains that now is the time for the industrialists of the most powerful country in the world to go ahead. Mr. Bunting is President of the O'Sullivan Rubber Corporation and is in a position to know.

For fiction this month we fell for a pseudo-murder story which struck us as amusing. The wolfish drug-gist made a nice pitch toward getting the lovely chick.

One thing a man has to think of every two weeks is a haircut. But what kind of haircut should he have—long or short, or should he have a singe? What does he look like after he gets it? Why not let it grow down his back? One of our most reliable correspondents has investigated this matter and brings you his findings in an article entitled "Once Over Lightly" which appears on page 14.

One thing you must read about—that's Ping-pong—well, it's going on all over. People play it like crazy, in drawing rooms, game rooms, club rooms, fraternity houses and public places. Now they even have champions. What we know about it you can find on page 10.

Do you know what a snook is? Animal, vegetable or mineral? Dan Holland is an expert on this odd creation, and he explains it fully in "Rod and Gun". Now you know as much as we do.

We are particularly interested in knowing if our new column, "Turntable Talk", is a feature of value to the particular circulation of this Magazine. Letters to the editors or to our record correspondent, Mr. Charles Miller, will be most appreciated. In fact, letters concerning any of our monthly features will be of service to your editors. Are you interested in the current books? Does the Elks Newsletter perform a service for you? Are you amused by the line drawings for the "Gadget and Gimmick" column? Do you think this is a Man's World? Are you sick and tired of dogs from foreign lands? Leave us have the answer.

The Grand Exalted Ruler has spent an active month making visits to the subordinate lodges. Many of these are recounted in our fraternal section, and Mr. Lewis' familiar face appears frequently.

C. P.



It's like handing a young man a bag of money!

WHEN you tell a young man about his opportunities to become an Aviation Cadet, you are, in effect, showing him how he can get \$35,000 worth of the world's finest aviation training—and pay besides!

Even if he paid \$35,000 to study aviation and learn to fly, he couldn't equal the thoroughness of his Aviation Cadet training. For nowhere else could he study the advanced equipment and techniques which are to be found in the U. S. Air Force.

As an Aviation Cadet he gets a lot of "book learning" along with practical flight experience. He has an opportunity to work up from primary trainers to 4-engine bombers—and even to jets. He's on top of the parade of aviation progress from the start.

Qualifications call for a single man, age 20 to 26½. He must have at least half the credits leading to a degree from an accredited college or university, or must be able to pass a mental examination given by the U. S. Air Force. He must now be living within the continental limits of the U. S.

Upon successful completion of the training course, he will be rated as a pilot, commissioned in the Air Force Reserve, and assigned to flying duty. In addition he gets an extra \$500 for each year of active duty. He may also apply for Regular Air Force Commission.

★

"The Cadets Are Flying Again"

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CAREERS WITH A FUTURE

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When you find a prospect who has the necessary qualifications, direct him to the U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Station.



BY EARL BUNTING

**A noted industrialist gives
his views on the future of the
American enterprise system**

NOT so long ago I had the equivalent of \$500,000, 000,000 in my possession. Its sole value, unfortunately, was that of a reminder of the fabulous inflation, weakened confidence and ruin which engulfed the Greek economy. The whole bundle of money wasn't worth a bunch of picture postcards.

The death of the Greek monetary system was caused by many factors, but you can add them all up into one word: distrust. If America's economy collapses and with it our competitive enterprise system—and there are many determined defeatists who are wagering that it will—it will be from the same cause, the same sort of mulligan stew of doubts and suspicions, of a few facts and a lot of fiction, of ignorance and just plain lies.

Strikes, boycotts, sabotage, injunctions, blacklists, mass picketing and mass arrests—all of this we have seen in recent years. So has the rest of the world for, unlike many nations, we have rolled down no "iron curtain".

Because we haven't, American enterprise must prove, and prove conclusively, that management and labor can work together peaceably and productively and thereby demonstrate to the world that our way of life is better than any other. If it doesn't, it may well begin writing its own epitaph. Enterprise today is very much behind the eight-ball.

Those of you who feel there's no cause for alarm should keep an eye on the opinion research polls that show what people are thinking. Keep an eye on the energy shown by the out-and-out leftists, and by the "fronts" they work with and through. That means you also must read or listen to the economic and social busybodies. Their attacks on America may be obvious bunk to you. But they aren't bunk to many who read or hear them.

There were strikes of some five million employees in the twelve months following V-J Day, with a resultant loss of 120 million man-days of production. Think of the hundreds of thousands of automobiles, washing machines and other things that didn't get made. Think of the houses that didn't get built, and the thousands of other things we could use today. Even in the first half of this year there were more than 2,000 strikes—more than ten instances every day in which war was declared on management and the public.

The desire for higher earning power was usually the motive behind these strikes. But real earning power comes out of service to the public, and there isn't any substitute for it. It can't come out of strikes. It can't come from unprofitable business. It can't come out of high prices.

It does come out of a working harmony between the man who invests his savings to buy machinery, the man who uses this equipment to speed his work, and the consumer who pays for the work produced. That harmony must be re-established. All that we have in this country came from it. And what we have is well worth having.

Americans make up only six per cent of the world's

The Green Light For Industry

Illustrated by FORSYTHE STUDIOS

population, yet we own four out of every five automobiles in the world, bathe in nine out of ten of all bathtubs, use over 50 per cent of all telephones. Electric irons, refrigerators, vacuum cleaners and the other "conveniences" we take for granted are practically unheard-of, almost non-existent, in Mr. Stalin's "Brave New World".

We have already produced more than 65,000,000 passenger automobiles and more than 100,000,000 radios. As a matter of fact, there are more radio sets in the New York City area than in all of Russia. Nowhere on earth can you find the equal of our highways, streets, schools, parks, playgrounds.

Now why is this? Why are our people better fed, better clothed, better housed than any other people in any other land, past or present? The answer lies not in any special gift of nature. China has plenty of natural resources, so has Russia; so have many other European nations. No, the reason is a very simple one: the competitive enterprise system, the system which sees to it that every American worker is backed by a large investment of cash money, contributed by other Americans, which puts into his hands the wonderful tools of modern industry.

Today much of the world is in the throes of financial bankruptcy. Britain is finding that increasing nationalization has not prevented people from being increasingly cold, hungry and discontented. France is finding that state-owned coal mines are losing eight and a half million dollars a month, that a single nationalized aircraft construction company ran up a \$5,000,000 deficit last year. As for Russia, a recent news dispatch reported that "the Kremlin may well have given the go-ahead signal for an unprecedented campaign against the United States to divert the attention of the Russian people from serious economic conditions within the USSR". Apparently, wherever the individual is reduced to a tiny cog within the vast machinery of the all-knowing, all-powerful, all-wise state, the result is slow but sure economic suicide.

Are we next on the list?

Leftist forces are at work among us more diligently than ever before, sowing the seeds of disunity, confusion and distrust. They can only be defeated here at home if every American knows as a conscious part of his day-to-day thinking the benefits which the competitive enterprise system offers him; if he knows that industry is human and that its desires and operations are fundamentally and specifically in the personal interest of every individual; if he knows that for eighty years prior to 1930, twenty per cent of our national production was annually plowed back into production, but that for the last sixteen years this process of reinvestment for more and speedier progress has been throttled by "soak the rich" taxation at all government levels.

These are a few of the facts which industry is trying to "bang home". It's a big job. It's a job of marketing the truth, and at times truth can be a pretty tough product to sell, particularly at this moment when the traveling salesmen of the isms are hawking their wares at the factory gates and the schoolhouse doors and at every crossroads of civilization.

HERE'S something that was written by one of the experts who have developed techniques to find out what people think on almost every conceivable question: "If fourteen years of asking the public thousands of questions on hundreds of subjects has done anything at all for me, it has given me a profound confidence in the inherent fairness and wisdom of the reasonably well-informed man."

I go along with that. But I put a double accent on that final phrase—on the "reasonably well-informed" factor. A great many people in our country are being fed—and are swallowing—all sorts of half-truths and out-and-out distortions.

"Two per cent of the families in America own 80 per cent of the wealth" is a statement which has gained wide credence. Actually, 45 per cent—not two per cent—own 83 per cent of the wealth. And wealth is more than money in the bank. It is anything owned that produces income or that can be sold.

"Labor gets only a small share of what it helps to produce" is another such statement. From 1899 through 1942 after industry had paid its basic manufacturing costs, more than 80 per cent of the money left went to labor in the form of wages and salaries. This share varied from 80 per cent in 1899 to 92 per cent in 1942.

These are two of the libels which should be exploded. There are many others. For example, the public generally, and employees of companies particularly, have a fantastic misunderstanding of the amount of profit companies make. According to public opinion polls, most people say they think ten to fifteen cents out of each dollar of sales would be a fair profit to make. Industry averages less than half that much! To help circulate the true facts about profits, NAM recently published and distributed a little booklet. It told what happens to a typical dollar taken in from the sale of manufactured things.

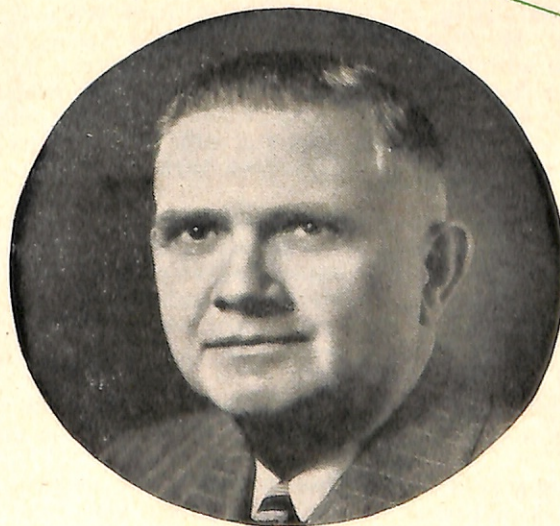
Forty-seven cents goes for materials and supplies; nine cents for tax collectors; six cents for depreciation, maintenance, repairs, interest; two cents for advertising; one cent for research. Of the remaining 35 cents, employees get 29 cents. What is left? Six cents: Profits. But three of the six cents are set aside for tomorrow's jobs, "plowed back" in the companies for new machinery, expansion of plants, more employment. The other three cents of the profits are paid in dividends to stockholders, the owners of the machines, tools and factory buildings.

Public opinion polls also reveal that the great majority of the American people think that only about \$9,000 is paid in taxes on a personal income of \$50,000. Let's consider a few facts in this connection.

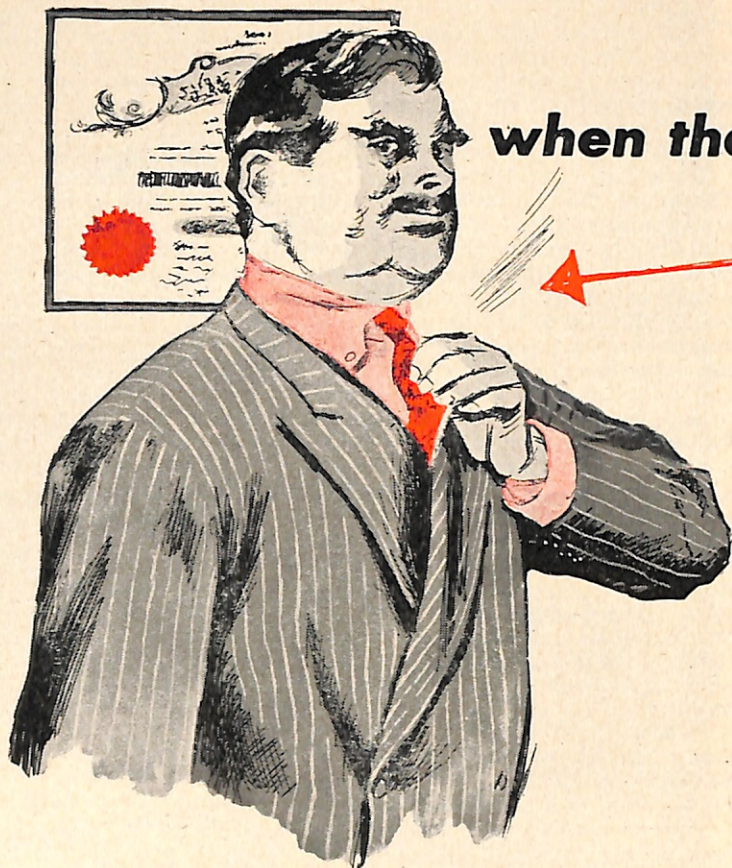
The nation is gaining 6,000,000 families in the current decade. About 600,000 new workers are to be added annually to the labor force. Now where are we going to get the venture capital for the machines and tools and laboratories and research necessary to provide all those jobs? Where are we going to get it unless people are allowed to retain a respectable portion of what they earn, and unless they are encouraged to invest it in new productive activity by the prospect of profits?

In short, how can our tax system be torn away from the extreme rates by which it now eats up medium and upper incomes, so that these people can supply the venture capital?

(Continued on page 34)



Earl Bunting: President of the O'Sullivan Rubber Corporation, Winchester, Va., and Chairman of the Board, The National Association of Manufacturers.



when the wolfish **DRUGGIST** met the

BY Q. PATRICK

HARRY LUND lay in the bathtub. Above him two pairs of his wife's nylons dangled wetly on the rail which supported the shabby grey-white shower curtain. He could hear Norma preparing Sunday breakfast in the kitchen downstairs.

After twenty-one years of marriage, Norma's morning noises were so familiar to him that they brought exact visual pictures. He could see the inevitable cigarette dangling from her mouth while she squeezed oranges on the cluttered enamel table. Norma never dressed on Sunday mornings. He could see her thin body, draped in the old pink quilted robe, bustling about the kitchen.

Every day Harry Lund's aversion to his wife began a fresh attack on his nerves during those moments in the tub. He was a lazy man. He liked his comfort. He liked lolling in warm water, relaxing before the effort of a day at the drugstore or, better still, relaxing with the knowledge of a long, indolent Sunday ahead. But he could hardly remember a time when he hadn't lain there in the steamy, cramped bathroom, taut with hatred.

It was strange then to find himself on this particular Sunday morning lying in the same tub, hearing the same kitchen noises and yet completely free of hate. In fact, the sounds downstairs were almost exhilarating. Even the mental image of his wife's sharp, too-intelligent face with its critical black eyes and short greying hair brought no distaste.

This change of attitude was caused by the fact that he knew now that Norma would not be with him much longer.

He knew this because last night he had decided exactly how and when he was going to kill her.

The thought of murder, flirted with at first and finally embraced as a lover, had lived with him so long that now it had become an old friend. In consequence, he felt no awe at what he had planned to do. No guilt, either. He had let himself forget the shabby interested motives which had made him lay siege to the plain, en-

terprising girl who had graduated with him from Pharmacy School and to whom he had never been really attracted. He had forgotten how convenient it had seemed at the time to have for a wife a fully trained pharmacist. He had even forgotten the attractions of her little inheritance which, combined with his, had been sufficient to buy a drugstore and launch his career. He had never admitted that it had been because of her drive and slogging hard work that this career had reached a modest success.

He only knew that he, the handsome Harry Lund, was a figure of tragic suffering chained to a woman who had never appreciated him and whom he could never divorce.

Because he couldn't divorce her. Half the drugstore was her property. Even if he could scrape up enough money to pay her off, she would never sell. He knew that. The store was Norma's whole life and she clung tenaciously to what she wanted.

So, having endured so much, he viewed murder, this final gesture of rebellion, as almost heroic, certainly as courageous and manly.

And the courage would never have come if it hadn't been for Frances. He realized that. It had been that chance, wonderful meeting with Frances on the bus which had released the true, virile Harry Lund from convention's slavery. Frances was young, dainty, submissive; everything that Norma wasn't. Frances was the type of girl that Harry Lund had deserved from life. And he was almost sure, if he played his cards right, he could get her.

A pleasurable tingle shivered his thickening body when he thought of Frances.

His plans were without flaw. He had gone over and over them in his mind, simplifying, perfecting, like an artist. From the beginning he had rejected drugs as too dangerous for a pharmacist.

"Harry!" Norma's voice, perpetually husky from a smoker's cough, rasped up the stairs. "What's going on up there? Drowning?"

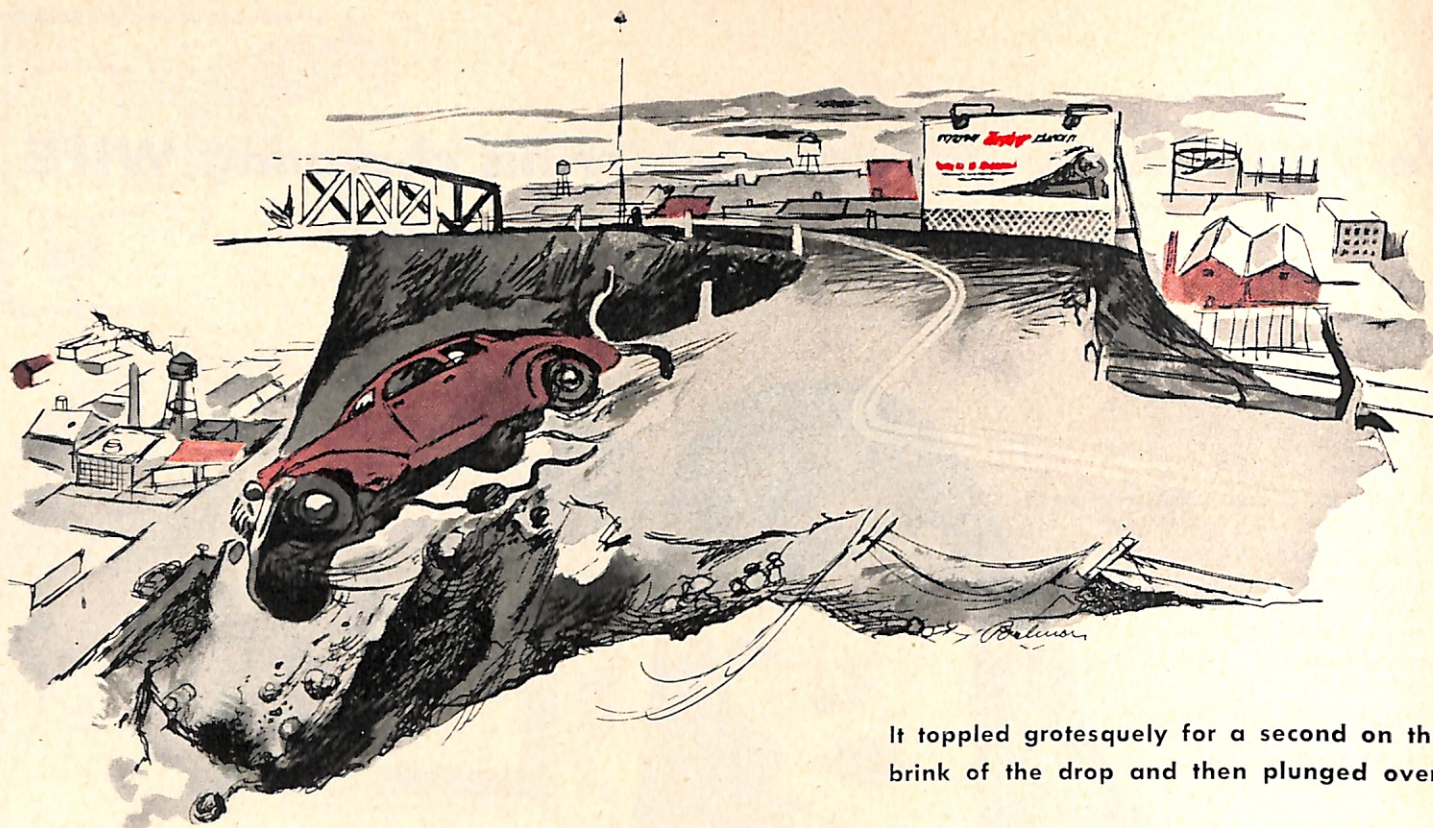
"Coming, dear." He was surprised at the cordial, almost saccharine tone of his own voice. He must be careful about that. He lumbered to his feet, water streaming off him. More crossly, more convincingly, he added, "Hold your horses, can't you?"

AS HE dried himself, he studied his reflected body in the steam-stained mirror. Not bad for a man of forty-five. Bit of a paunch, maybe. But a gymnasium would soon fix that up. He concentrated on his face. Harry Lund had always been pleased with his face. Good teeth. Distinguished little mustache. Plenty of hair. Strong eye-

lovely **CHICK**, he had to consider his charming **WIFE**



Illustrated by WILLIAM PACHNER



It toppled grotesquely for a second on the brink of the drop and then plunged over.

brows over eyes that looked straight back at you.

Frances had remarked on his eyes only last week when he had snatched a few hours with her in a restaurant half way between the city and the outlying suburb where she worked as librarian.

"It was your eyes I liked first. I noticed them right away when you picked up my books in the bus. They're so sincere."

A tiny chill of apprehension came. What would Frances think if she knew he was a married man? How fortunate that, on an adventurous whim, he had introduced himself under an assumed name. Frances was trusting as she was innocent. She believed his story that he was a widowed salesman from upstate. She would go on believing him. After the thing was over, he could sell the house, the store. He could take Frances away, start a new life.

She need never know.

"For Pete's sake," called Norma. "What are you doing up there? Admiring yourself in the mirror as usual?"

"Coming," called Harry. "Coming."

He smiled at his reflection so that he could see his firm white teeth.

Neatly dressed, he descended the stairs, thinking: In a few hours how different everything will be. The thought was so heady that he wanted to do something youthful, gay—whistle maybe, or slide down the banisters. He moved through the untidy little dining-room into the kitchen. Norma, in the old pink robe, was hunched over frying eggs that hissed on the range. She turned, the cigarette drooping from her mouth, giving him that look of keen appraisal which always made him feel transparent and hollow.

"My, isn't he beautiful this morning? How about being useful too and getting on to those dishes?"

Last night they had not washed the supper dishes. Usually Harry resented the unmanliness of having to work at a sink, but that sunny winter morning it almost pleased him for, as he started to rinse plates, he could look through the window and actually see the place where It was going to Happen.

The house was situated in a suburb, half developed before the war, and still raw and unfinished, on top of a steep, barren hill. The house was completely his own. He had bought it with money surprisingly bequeathed by an obscure aunt. It was small, inconvenient and he hated it. But real estate brought large prices these days. He would have no trouble in selling it for a good profit.

As the dishes clattered, his study of the view outside was almost covetous. The snowfall of last week still clung to the landscape. It had frozen again during the night. He could just see the elbow of the sharp s-bend where the road swerved down the hillside to the city. Its surface was smooth with ice. An almost sheer drop slid away to the right. Suicide Bend, they called it. Every Sunday morning Norma took the car into town to visit with her married sister. A skid on that curve would mean certain death. Especially if the brakes on the ancient sedan were not too good.

Harry Lund was sure that, this particular Sunday afternoon, the brakes would be anything but good.

In his mind he saw himself in becoming black, palely acknowledging the sympathy of the neighbors. "It's terrible . . . like losing my right hand . . . I'm going to sell everything . . . start again somewhere else with no memories . . ."

He began to hum under his breath as he piled wet dishes into the drying rack.

"Listen to him," commented Norma. "Humming. So handsome, so happy this morning! What's happened? Found yourself a beautiful girl friend?"

She laughed her hoarse laugh that was half a cough. There was sarcasm in the laugh, letting him know that she realized how improbable it was that any girl could be interested in a man of his age. An edge of the old hatred pushed up. Norma slammed a plate of fried eggs on the table and splashed coffee into a cup.

"Come and get it, Don Juan. I guess someone has to feed that body beautiful."

He left the sink and sat down obediently. She sat down opposite him, still smoking, stabbing at her eggs

(Continued on page 28)

ROD and GUN

BY DAN HOLLAND

A snook is a finny critter with an ugly disposition and bad manners.



WHAT'S a snook? A snook is a *robalo*, and *robalo* is Spanish for bass, but a snook isn't a bass. However, a snook is a fish, a fish as unusual as his name. He comes from the same part of the world as other finny critters carrying such unique names as ballyhoo, gaff tops'l, drum, jack crevalle, corbina, pompano and wahoo; and where there are endless thousands of birds known as aningas, ibises, quawks and egrets, and where the local Indians are still officially at war with the United States. It's a strange and wonderful place, and fascinating, and heaven for the fisherman.

There's a new National Park being formed, known as the Everglades National Park which encompasses a vast jungle-like area on the southern tip of Florida, as primitive and wild as any place in the United States. Through history right down to recent years, it has been the hide-out of pirates, outlaws and renegades. Back in the impenetrable maze of mangrove islands fugitives have always found haven from the arm of the law. For years it has been the chief point of entry into the United States for contraband; where a constant stream of rum was bootlegged from Cuba in prohibition days; where Chinamen were run in defiance of immigration quotas, and where in recent days rationed goods, such as sugar, was delivered with comparative safety.

The history of the Ten Thousand Islands is long and bloody, dating

back to the days when the first Spanish pirates settled on Marco Island. It has been dotted by gruesome episodes, like the dumping at sea of boatloads of unfortunate Chinamen who had hopefully paid their fare to the United States in advance in Cuba, or by the wholesale murder of a group of Negro workmen who were paid off with a bullet in the head when their work was done and sent to sea on the outgoing tide.

The Islands have been occupied for years but, until the present, only by men who preferred the mangroves and the monotony of the jungle to justice—and by fishermen. Fishermen are different from most people. No place is too wild or forbidding if it holds the hope of larger or better fish, and the Ten Thousand Islands certainly have this to offer. The area to be encompassed by the Everglades National Park and adjoining islands has been a paradise for a limited group of sportsmen for many years, but they haven't talked too much or advertised it because fishermen are like that: they prefer to keep their fishing grounds wild and to themselves.

ALTHOUGH I have fished Florida waters many times in the past twenty years and have penetrated deep into the mangrove islands after snook, tarpon and redfish, I am still a comparative newcomer to the area and have a long way to go before I unravel its many mysteries. I couldn't begin to tell the old-timers

anything about their fishing, but the new National Park will attract many thousands of newcomers to whom I can give a brief introduction to this incomparable fishing.

The principal game fish of the area are tarpon, snook, redfish, trout, jack crevalle, ladyfish and snappers, with various and sundry other sea-going critters thrown in to make things interesting. Although these are salt-water fish, they live along the mangroves and up the rivers, creeks and canals under fresh-water conditions. They live in brackish and sometimes almost fresh water and are to be caught on a fly rod or bait-casting rod.

We usually think of salt-water fishing as trolling on the deep blue sea or still-fishing with bait, but not so with these fish. They all willingly strike a surface plug or fly and perform best on light tackle. One of my bait-casting friends claims that anyone who would stoop to trolling or still-fishing for these scrappers either doesn't know any better or doesn't appreciate the finer things in life. He says such a person is uncivilized, unmannerly and he doesn't want to have anything to do with him.

Many specialists at the game insist that a fly rod is the only tackle to use back in the creeks, canals and rivers, but some of these fish are just a little too rough for the long rod. It's been my experience, too, that they display more fireworks—more jumping, headshaking and carrying on—when hooked on a wooden plug than when annoyed by a mere fly. A five-foot bass bait-casting rod with a hundred yards of 15-pound-test line is an ideal outfit. The most successful sportsmen of the area are graduate black bass fishermen, and the fellow who can do the best job of placing his plug back in the pockets and up under the mangroves will get the most strikes.

Of the great variety of game fish in the area, first comes the snook, that ornery gentleman with the strange name, the ugly disposition and the bad manners. There are thousands of fishermen who have never even heard of a snook, poor souls. A few lucky ones will meet him for the first time this winter, and they have a day a-coming. There's no other fish in the world like him. He combines everything the fresh-water fisherman wants in a game fish: the savage strike of the muskie or pike, the speed of the rainbow, the jump of the smallmouth and the endurance—well, of a snook.

Snook are found back in the Everglades in the drainage canals, brackish lakes and tidal rivers the year 'round. They are fished for in exactly the same manner as are black bass, and the favorite lure is a surface plug or popping bass bug. They'll hit with a splash like a dog jumping in the water and fight ferociously, as though out of sheer anger. A short wire leader must be used ahead of the plug because, although snook have no more teeth than a black

(Continued on page 35)



**Don't get the idea that table tennis—
ping-pong, to you—is a sissy game.**

TOLEDO is in most respects a reasonably normal city, but not long ago a group of its citizens, doping out the draw for a forthcoming table tennis tournament, looked up to find a bright-eyed young man bearing down. Indications were that the building had caught fire, or Toledo was having a major earthquake.

Nothing of the sort. This was serious. "Look, fellas," gasped the sudden arrival, "I won't be able to play in the singles on Saturday; I have to get married that day. But leave me in for the doubles on Sunday."

Of such is the kingdom of table tennis players. Furthermore, the young man of Toledo was in there on Sunday, swinging lustily, and, since he is still married, it is obvious that the little wife plays table tennis too.

You probably call it ping-pong, and at one time or another you've played it in somebody's rumpus room. Chances are, you played it with a frosted glass clutched firmly in one hand, the paddle gripped wrongly in the other, and a silly smirk on your face. You knew you looked idiotic, but the fellow at the other end of the table looked the same, so it didn't matter. He couldn't play either.

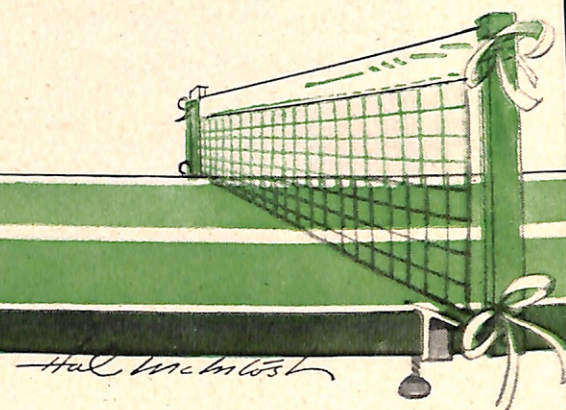
Take it from this battered correspondent, table tennis isn't always played that way. Last April, for instance, when a couple of talented lads named Vana and Sido teed off in Paris for the championship of the world, they didn't look silly. They looked like a pair of A-bombs exploding in a popcorn factory. Comparing their kind of table tennis with the variety perpetrated in most rumpus rooms would be like matching Junior's box-kite with a jet-propelled P-80.

Table tennis enthusiasts, some fifteen million of them from Maine to Southern California, are all aglow these days. They have cause to be. Their day in court has come at last. For years they suffered ignominy, hid-

WHITE LIGHTNING

BY HUGH B. CAVE

Illustrated by HAL McINTOSH



ing their bats under old mattresses in the attic and concealing their folding tables behind the furnace in the cellar, while scorners advised them to take up parchesi.

Big-time sports writers gave them a brisk brush-off. Newspapers couldn't be induced to send even stray copyboys to cover a major tournament. Table tennis was a "sissy" game, pure and simple.

It really wasn't. But how are you going to convince a public that won't come and look?

Louis Pagliaro, a modest and amazing little guy from New York's lower East Side, probably did more than anyone else to dent that concrete wall of indifference. Pagliaro is barely five feet tall, and when he won the United States championship for the first time in 1940 he tipped the scales at something like 115 pounds. But he is a devastating mite with eyes so keen that he is able to read the small print on the label of a revolving phonograph record, and legs so high-powered that he covers ground like a chipmunk with St. Vitus dance.

Pagliaro did for table tennis what the Rollicking Rams of Rhode Island State College later did for Eastern basketball—jazzed it up, smeared it with color, jabbed it with an injection of the old crowd-pleasing razzle-dazzle. People flocked to see him slap the bouncing ball around, not so much because his game was a marvel of perfection—which it still is—but because he made them sit up and gasp.

In a match with a noted tennis player, Paggy finally pulled up a chair and played *sitting down*, to give his opponent an opportunity to draw breath. It was a gag, sure, but when Lou continued to win point after point without budging from his chair, the spectators got the idea and tempered their laughter with respect for the little fellow's prowess. Tennis players thereafter stopped referring to the table game as "that sissy pastime" and stayed out of Pagliaro's bailiwick in droves.

One summer evening at Narragansett Pier Casino, Lou played an exhibition match with a lanky lad who was then the collegiate title-holder. The table occupied the center of the spacious dance floor. Lou took command at once and began to wallop the ball in wonderful fashion, rising 'way up on his nimble toes each time he swung. The college champ fell back ten, twenty, thirty feet to retrieve Paggy's tremendous forehand smashes.

Now the only way to return a hard-hit table tennis

ball is to go back with it, get under it, and chop—a purely defensive stroke that sends it floating back to the table like an indolent soap-bubble, and sets it up, inevitably, for your opponent to murder again. Lou kept on murdering it. His opponent continued to pedal backward.

Suddenly, with a perfectly dead pan, Pagliaro caught one of those floating returns on his rubber-faced bat and bunted it. It traveled six inches and dribbled over the net like the last drop of water from a shut-off garden hose—forty feet beyond the reach of his lanky adversary who by that time was backed up against the orchestra platform. The crowd shrieked its delight at such artistry. This wasn't pat-ball. It wasn't ping-pong or ding-dong or poo-poo. It was a heads-up, action-packed game which they had never seen before.

WHAT the mighty mite from the East Side and a handful of others began, the late war brought to full flower. Atom bombs and atabrine were more momentous developments, to be sure, but when the detailed history of the war is written, there ought to be at least a footnote on the coming-of-age of table tennis. At practically every canteen, USO or servicemen's club from the Rhine to Tokyo, wherever GIs gathered for recreation, sooner or later someone who knew how the game should be played showed up to give the local paddle-pushers a trimming.

Those trimmings made more converts than Billy Sunday.

It was in Oahu, I think—or maybe Guam, or Manila. A group of young naval officers, most of them junior-grade lieutenants, tired of playing poker or sitting in the rain at outdoor movies, got together and put up a tennis table. For a while they had a wonderful time. All of them were terrible, and so the competition was intense.

Then their little table-tennis heaven was darkened by the arrival of a public relations officer (all villains are public relations officers) whom we may as well call Smith. Smith was not terrible; he played a pretty good game, with flourishes.

He beat them all. He bullied them. He heaped scornful advice on their heads. But it was impossible not to play with him because, delighting in his ability to trim

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD



BY DICKSON HARTWELL

SOME philosopher—or maybe he was a physiologist—once remarked that the two things men live for are eating and sleeping. I don't know about the latter, but except for the little matter of starvation much of the time we spend eating is wasted, because what we eat really doesn't taste very good. Our palates and taste buds, expensively evolved after some 25,000 years of civilizing influences, are in a state of virtual atrophy. Much of what we eat is hardly fit for *pithecanthropus erectus* let alone for a people smart enough to invent the electric razor and a character like Charlie McCarthy.

Of this deplorable state most of us are happily ignorant. Practically every American smart enough to earn \$50 a week figures himself a potential gastronome, competent, with little practice, to split a truffle with the best of those Frenchy epicures. But this self-confidence, while gratifying as a national trait, is based on insubstantial foundation. For example, as something to eat the average American looks upon that classic delicacy, the escargot, or snail, with almost precisely the same screaming repugnance that women of all nations regard that tiny inoffensive creature, the mouse. He won't eat a snail, no matter how good it is.

The fact is, most of us are competent to order from the menu of a really good restaurant with about the same success that we could make an intelligent and free translation of Homer's *Odyssey* from the original Greek.

On trips about the country I assayed the common denominator of our taste and found it to be divided

among pork chops and applesauce, roast turkey with bread stuffing and steak and potatoes. This doesn't mean we want for nothing different. The long lines of people in front of restaurants like Antoine's in New Orleans are not formed by persons with a craving for grease-fried filet of sole and a paper cup of tartar sauce. This country is really hungry for good food.

Indeed, a man who can serve interesting food in his home can be a *somebody* in his community. He can get himself a job, a raise or a girl. He can get himself talked about—maybe even elected governor. But not many men have the time or the facilities to create a proper Newburg sauce—nor do their wives. In many places even the ingredients for unusual cooking are unavailable.

But I've got the solution for all this. You don't have to have much more than a pen and note paper to build yourself a local reputation as a gourmet. A little judicious purchasing by mail will provide everything you need to stock up on exotic foods with which to flabbergast your friends and tantalize their appetites. And in most cases you can cook and serve the stuff as handily as you mix a dry Martini.

THE most effective technique in building a pantry capable of startling the neighbors is to stress the unusual. The contents of six cans of Portuguese sardines may be very tasty served on crackers after a bridge game, but it is unlikely to excite any "Ohs" and "Ahs" around the table. But offer your guests a plate of smoked rainbow trout and watch their interest rise up and get hungry. If you try to discover edibles

that aren't available at Sears Roebuck or the A & P, you're well on your way to achievement.

There is, for example, rattlesnake meat. Don't run. It won't bite you. In fact, once you try it, you'll do all the biting, for this delicacy, now canned in Florida, makes one of the best canapes discovered in recent years. Serve it with pre-dinner cocktails but don't tell your guests what it is until they've tried it or until they ask. The result is sure to be mildly sensational.

For cocktail things, anchovy paste can be used to give new zest to tired and worn out cheese, for instance. Take any cheese soft enough to be spread, work a little anchovy paste into it and spread it on a toasted cracker. Your guests will come back for more every time.

As a relief from the familiar and often flaccid tasting cream of tomato soup you now can get, prepared and almost ready to serve, some of the most famed recipes that have ever delighted a jaded palate. There is green turtle soup, for example, which may be chilled and served jellied in summer or piping hot in winter. There are Shrimp Bisque or Crayfish Bisque from New Orleans, made in the manner of the famous Antoine's recipe. Then there is that great French delicacy, Bouillabaisse—really the exquisitely cooked juices of sea foods—which tastes like nothing else in the world. But your guests would probably be most interested in sampling a new soup, a wild turkey broth with wild rice and a tangy, gamey flavor. One thing about canned soups most people don't know—they need to be "revived" before they are served. A clear soup should be stirred rapidly or beat in a mixer while a few drops of lemon or lime juice are added. Fish or vegetable soups should be stirred vigorously and the drops of lemon juice added while they are being heated.

When you begin a dinner with a startling canape or soup you don't have to try to outdo yourself with the entree. But it can be fun and you now can get some of the fancier dishes which formerly were procurable only in a dozen or so restaurants in America. Prepared and ready to serve now are wild turkey à la king and pheasant à la Newburg. It is unlikely that anybody in the average city or town—up to and including the mayor—ever has tasted either of these noble dishes. With a couple of tins on the reserve pantry shelf you are prepared no matter who drops in—President Truman, or even the boss himself.

There are other dishes, too, such as the Marylanders' famed terrapin stew which has been seasoned with sherry, butter and spices. For those hardy and sophisticated souls who know a good thing when they taste it—there are also snails. They come 48 snails and shells packed in a tin. With some butter, parsley, chopped onion and garlic clove added, they are ready for baking into a dish

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What America is Reading

BY NINA BOURNE

Miss Bourne takes a look at the new novels you will have received for Christmas.

MERLE MILLER'S new novel, *That Winter*, tells how three young veterans lived through the emotional letdown of the first year after the war. It is an engrossing story—fast-moving, crackling with good dialogue and crisp characterization.

The setting is New York's literary business world, the world of the not-quite-geniuses who get mentioned in the columns, the successful journalist, the career girls living alone in pathetically "cute" apartments, the able young men who come to New York from small towns, hungry for an undefined success, lonely at noisy cocktail parties, paralyzed by the choice they must make between going after the big money and the something else.

Peter, one of the three veterans who room together, is just such a bright young man. The problems he meets that first winter probably would have caught up with him war or no war—but not so suddenly or intensely. For he has been catapulted right out of the army into a thirty-dollar a day job—writing articles he doesn't believe in for the nation's leading news magazine. One of his roommates writes soap operas (which he despises) because he doesn't want to go into his father's business. His other roommate is so rich and so attractive that except in the war he has never had a chance to fight for anything. Now that he has lost an arm, no matter how hard he tries to pick a fight, nobody will hit him back, until finally a fading literary glamour-boy, Dick Westing, socks him and starts a tragic chain of circumstances.

Dick Westing is a stunning portrayal of a fallen angel: the man who wrote a magnificent first novel and then allowed himself to cash in on the easy, artist-destroying celebrity money. Westing is what Peter, the narrator, must avoid becoming.

The novel is beautifully put together of many incidents that happened that winter, and flashbacks to the war.

For example, there is the scene where Peter, back in civilian life, finds himself in a position to knife his ex-captain who used to pull rank in a particularly unpleasant way—and instead takes a comically mild revenge. There's Peter, back in Iowa for his father's funeral, receiving an offer of marriage from the high school beauty who jilted him. And there's a swift, skillful scene where Peter's Jewish roommate has his mother to dinner at a fashionable restaurant to meet the girl he loves—who happens to be a nasty little anti-Semite. Almost my favorite passage of all is the ironic one in which the managing editor of the news magazine explains how he used to be a radical and reformer, but now feels no more responsibility for a human race which is heading toward destruction and deserves no better. That, the editor implies, absolves him from responsibility for anything printed in the news magazine.



Merle Miller wrote *That Winter*, a fast-moving novel of three veterans and their first year after the war.

That Winter is quite a story. More than that, it is a biting portrait of the Young Man of Promise (Post-World-War-II model) taking his first important steps on the tightrope journey which, for so many young men of promise, ends in an "oops-sorry" pratfall. (*That Winter*, William Sloane Associates, \$3.00)

MONA LISA'S MUSTACHE by T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings

Here is a nostalgic reminder of that golden age, only a few years back, when, instead of rioting at political meetings, hotheads used to throw rotten eggs and tear each other's clothes off at art exhibits.

In his new book Mr. Robsjohn-Gibbings has revived the old "is modern art crazy" controversy. He thinks it is crazy—like a fox. He thinks it is, and has been from its beginnings, a Fascist conspiracy to mystify, confuse, and hence get power over the minds of the people.

Modern art, according to the author, is based on African magic—the fearsome masks and mumbo-jumbo that the shrewd old sorcerers employed to hypnotize and control the gullible. This throw-back to magic, he says, was a calculated attempt at a power grab by a would-be artist elite. His proofs are not convincing to this reviewer. If, indeed, modern art *was* a conspiracy, it was the most singularly unsuccessful one in history. No artists, modern or otherwise, are kings of the world.

Though on the wordy side, *Mona Lisa's Mustache* is extremely interesting reading for amateur art critics: people who think that they not only know what they like, but they know something about art, too. Some of Mr. Robsjohn-Gibbings' discussion of magic and art is stimulating and, all in all, it is a positive relaxation these days to get all het up about something like painting, Picasso and Gertrude Stein. (*Alfred Knopf, \$3.00*)

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Once Over Lightly

BY PHILIP HARKINS

To death and taxes

add the haircut—

unless you want

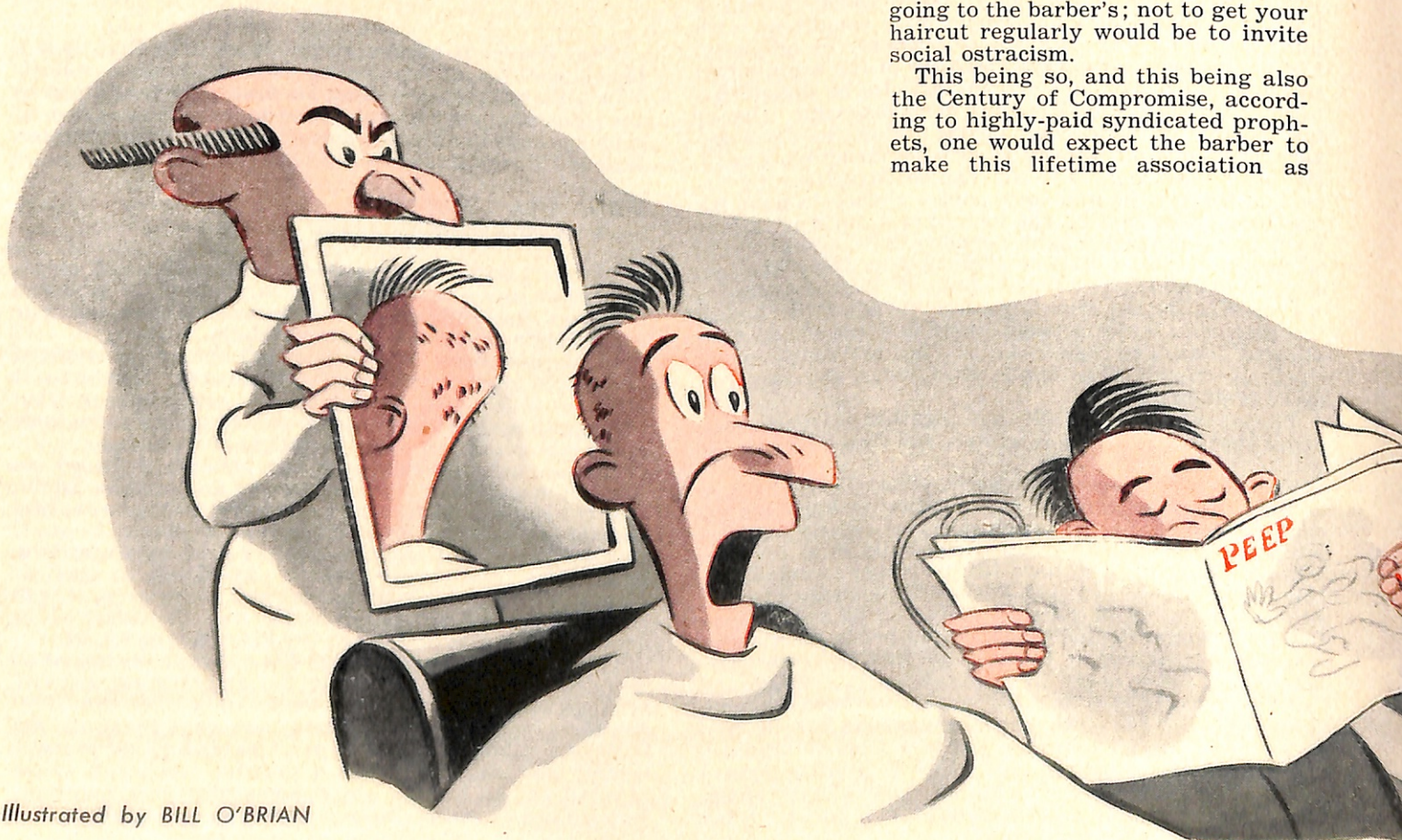
to be ostracized

ALTHOUGH it isn't listed in the medical dictionary, Barberitis is a formidable menace to the mind of the American male. It comes from anticipating, getting and living down an insidious operation called a haircut.

Three out of four men have Barberitis. The fourth is the kind of fellow who invariably sinks 25-foot downhill putts.

A barber is not an ogre like, for example, a dentist. He does not bore into your very soul with a fiendishly noisy drill that seems to search for throbbing nerves—the dentist's pious protestations to the contrary. Your hands, which hold a six-months-old magazine, do not moisten with anxiety, your eyes do not stare, unseeing, at a blurred page as you wait your turn at the barber's. You're just bored or depressed and possibly irritated at the thought that every two or three weeks for the rest of your life you must be clipped like a poodle. You can avoid policemen, postpone visits to the dentist, even ignore doctors. But you can't get out of going to the barber's; not to get your haircut regularly would be to invite social ostracism.

This being so, and this being also the Century of Compromise, according to highly-paid syndicated prophets, one would expect the barber to make this lifetime association as



Illustrated by BILL O'BRIAN

pleasant as possible. One might expect the barber to spare his victims those annoying insults such as "Who threw the axe at your noggin?"—a remark which emanates with dismal regularity from wives and sweetie-pies.

For the odd part about all this is that Barberitis is not the barber's fault except in a few instances. It is the fault of Nature and Convention which conspire to make haircuts necessary at regular intervals. But Barberitis, like any other root of evil, should be probed, and that is the theme of this thesis.

To many male sufferers from Barberitis it has seemed that the female critic was always at one end of a perpetual seesaw. Either she is at the top asking, "For goodness sake, why don't you get your hair cut?" or she is at the bottom asking, "For goodness sake, why did you get your hair cut?" As usual the man is in the middle and on the sidelines, clicking his scissors, stands the barber.

Behind many cases of Barberitis is the fact that a haircut, once given and received, is a *fait accompli*. If you don't like the color of the tie you bought yesterday you can change it; if a pair of socks is a size too small you can return them—but a haircut is a different matter. If you don't like it, what are you going to do about it? Rare indeed are the occasions when men have had the courage to return to a barber and ask for alterations.

From a psychological standpoint, then, the dread of getting a haircut is an exhausting factor in the span

The haircut, once given, is a *fait accompli*. You can't exchange it like a pair of socks.

A visit to the barber is looked upon by some with the same dread as a visit to the dentist.

of one's life. For days, perhaps even weeks, the candidate for the barber chair will run his fingers over his neck where the short hairs are beginning to prickle and slide over the collar. When he sees the fringes wave over his ears he may get desperate and run the scissors up around the bend himself. This is a dangerous performance from any point of view—economic, aesthetic or otherwise.

A friend of mine whose memory usually is terrible vividly recalls one of the first talkies, a picture called "Broadway Melody." He remembers it not because it was one of the first talkies but because one of the actors, a dashing juvenile, badly needed a trimming around the ears. That's the way things seem to work out in life: a Congressman needs a haircut, his picture is taken, his constituents see it. Not for their eyes the rugged features, the noble brow, oh no. To them he's just a guy who needs a haircut. And when they go to the polls that unpleasant fact is what they may well recall—"Why, the bum don't even have sense enough to go to the barber's; he should be playin' a violin somewhere."

And so it goes.

In a determined attempt to get at the roots of this disease, Barberitis, I have asked this question of lawyers, liars and artichoke growers: "What kind of a haircut do you want?"

The condensed answer, from doctor to Indian chief, is, "I want an un-

noticeable job which will leave the ears and neck feeling clean and neat; no ridge on the back, no salad-bowl line around the neck and no motheaten scars."

In other words, a haircut that doesn't make the victim look as though he just had a haircut.

With all this in mind I walked into New York's most luxurious barber-shop (built at a cost of \$86,000) and cornered the head barber.

"Where do you use the clippers?" I asked as if I were a foreign correspondent demanding when the ultimatum was to be delivered.

"The clippers," he said, speaking calmly and deliberately, "are used on the neck—never on the sides."

"What do you call a good haircut?" I asked.

"A good haircut," he said, "is an unnoticeable haircut with no outstanding lines."

"Now, what about this business of shaving the neck?"

"No!" he cried. "Please! The razor and clippers are used entirely too much; there should be a law."

"You said it," I said it.

"But some people want the razor, you know the kind of people." The head barber lowered his voice and cast furtive glances over his shoulder. "Of course," he raised his voice and eyebrows, "the razor must be used to shape the sideburns and cut the hairs behind the ears; but on the neck, sir, it is a crime."

"Our aim here is to give the customer a fine haircut. Like a fine suit of clothes, it doesn't hit you in



the eye, but you look at it a second time and say, "There's a good haircut."

Having disposed of the customer's desideratum, I proceeded to look into the historical background of the barber business to see if it suffered from environment trouble.

Some barbers still let a little blood when they wield the razor but in the Middle Ages, in fact up to the Eighteenth Century, European barbers did more blood-letting and toothpulling than they did haircutting. In England an Act of Parliament in 1450 authorized barbers to pull teeth and cauterize wounds. In those days beligerent knights were forever getting wounded and charging around to the barbershop to get patched up.

Treatment with leeches was another specialty and the barber pole outside the shop stood for surgeon barber, with emphasis on the surgeon. But in 1745 the medical profession caught up with the surgeon barbers and the two professions went their separate ways.

This interesting surgical background may be the reason why a few barbers today like to treat a haircut as an operation to be followed by a short period of convalescence during which the head of the victim gradually regains its normal appearance.

Today forty-six out of forty-eight States have barber license laws. The first one was passed by the State of Minnesota 50 years ago. Barber examinations usually consist of ques-

tions on the history of the profession, the sterilization of instruments, the correct way to hone a razor and finally a practical test in hair-cutting.

The barber business in the United States is a \$200,000,000 business. This big chunk of dough is scissored into salaries by over 200,000 barbers. Like accents and food, local barbering conditions vary in different parts of this great country but it is fairly safe to say that the average barber works on a 50-60 per cent commission. He may have to pay \$5-10 for a State license and \$25 to join a union. Usually barbers work a 54-hour week.

ONE barber working in an exclusive New York hotel regularly earned \$150 a week. A wealthy guest had him up to his suite every morning for a shave and massage, for which the barber received a daily tip of \$5 and a Sunday tip of \$10.

Now and then an appreciative client dies and remembers a barber in his will, like the barber at the old Waldorf in New York who was left \$25,000 for giving consistently good haircuts.

The average barber uses 250 strokes of the razor for a shave and about 500 snips of the scissors for a haircut. These hair-splitting statistics came to me from my good friend Professor Klippum of the Bowery Barber College. (Professor Klippum is an alias, but the barber

college in the Bowery actually exists.)

In the solitary classroom of the Bowery Barber College, gentlemen, who are sometimes called bums, can get free haircuts and shaves if they don't mind a little chopping and hacking on the part of the students. Professor Klippum holds that the part played by the clippers should be a major one in this technological age and after watching his amateurs perform I can testify that they are very obedient pupils. The Professor's student barbers take the clippers firmly in hand and zip! up the back, zip! up the sides, and there you are with your head looking as if it had just been assaulted by a bulldozer.

In these hair-sprinkled halls of higher learning the good professor cannot afford to use a fresh towel on every customer, so some of them bring their own. One jaunty gent brings his own neckband to keep the hairs from dropping down the back where, as you have probably found out, they can feel like crawling red ants. There is one client in the Bowery, the perfect guinea pig, who rushes into this barber college regularly, crying, "Give me the worst barber in the joint!" He explains his apparently insane conduct by earnestly pointing out that "the worst barber's experience should not be neglected".

It isn't too far from Professor Klippum's Barber College to the bar-

(Continued on page 32)



"Why, the bum don't even have sense enough to go to the barber's; he should be playin' a violin."



Panel members have decidedly mixed views about the return of price controls

SOME of our leading economists are of the opinion that price controls should be re-established, while others, equally informed, hold that controls are unnecessary; in fact, undesirable. To obtain the views of a group of representative business and professional men on this problem, we submitted the question of price controls to the Panel members this month. The result was the most evenly divided response that has been received to date, indicating the highly controversial nature of the question.

THE QUESTION:

DO YOU THINK PRESENT CONDITIONS JUSTIFY A RETURN TO PRICE CONTROLS ON BASIC "COST-OF-LIVING" ITEMS?

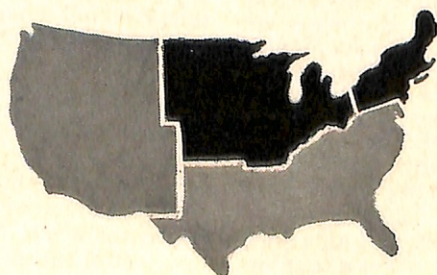
Here is how the Exalted Rulers and District Deputies who form the Panel membership expressed their opinions on this question

Yes49%
No51%

The replies received also were analyzed on a sectional basis. This was done by dividing the 48 States into four geographical areas: North, South, East and West. These four areas are indicated on the accompanying map. In the table below, the result of the sectional analysis is given:

	Yes	No
12 Northern States.....	42%	58%
9 Eastern States.....	53%	47%
16 Southern States.....	55%	45%
11 Western States.....	49%	51%

While a sharp difference of opinion is evident among Panel members in the Southern and Northern States, there is only a slight percentage difference between those who are in favor of price control and those who are opposed among Panel members throughout the nation. Oddly enough, only one vote was marked No Opinion because of lack of knowledge of the subject.



The ballots also were analyzed to determine the percentage of the national total received from each of the four geographical areas. The results provide an indication of the Panel membership in each of the four sections. Here is the breakdown of the returns on a sectional basis:

12 Northern States.....38% of all replies
9 Eastern States.....29% of all replies
16 Southern States.....25% of all replies
11 Western States..... 8% of all replies

COMMENTS:

Price control will not benefit all, but just a few.
Only on basis of a straight across-the-board control; from the raw product clear through the processing.
But for goodness sake, keep it basic.
Believe that to control prices wages must also be controlled.
Regimentation to a small extent is preferable to widespread suffering and hunger.
When properly supervised, price control curbs inflation.
Restriction of any kind leaves an open field for racketeers and black markets.
If prices can be controlled, not alone at consumer levels but also at the source of basic items, it might serve to prevent a continuation of price rises.
The black market evil outweighs the advantages.
Supplying Europe's needs causes a drain on our resources and shortages create black markets.
Basic costs must include item of labor.
Control definitely is justified.
Time will adjust conditions. Price control establishes black markets.
No return to rationing.
Government meddling will not repeal the law of supply and demand. Price controls will simply shift the supplies of basic commodities to the black markets.
Hate to think the American public is going to be told what they can, or cannot, do in peacetime.
Present conditions demand a return to sanity by both labor and capital.
Afraid that we would have government control indefinitely and eventually ownership of much of private industry.
Some form of control is needed, but do not favor government controls except where necessary.
Ordinarily, I do not believe in government controls, but feel that this is an emergency.
Absolutely, No.
I believe we should have price control. It should apply to all prices, wages, rents, etc. This was demonstrated in Canada during the war.
Price control will stop inflation, provided that wages are under control at the same time.

IN THE DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



***Faust feints back to Britain
and then valiantly crosses
the Channel again.***

TWO of the most popular sayings are "taken to task" and "by the same token". Now, I have no quarrel with folks who use these expressions. In fact, some of my best friends are guilty. The first one irritates me, but it is no worse than the latter. I have disturbed my friends often by asking, "Just what token do you mean?" I never got a logical answer, but I'll concede that both expressions denote something or other that we all are supposed to understand. All of which is preliminary to taking Faust to task for omitting two of the outstanding dogs of Britain, and I can't see how or why I did it.

The Shetland shepherd, or "Sheltie" as he is known among those who love him, is nothing more than a miniature collie, but a collie in all respects. While the collie ranges from 22 to 24 inches, the Sheltie stands 12 to 15 inches at the shoulder. He has the same semi-erect ears of his larger cousin, same character of coat and color range. As his name implies, he is a native of the Shetland Islands, no doubt bred down in size from the original collie. As many people know, the Shetlands lie north of England, well beyond Scotland. The climate there is tempestuous and hard, which has its effect on the development of the livestock. I need point to no more striking example than the Shetland pony, which is simply a rugged, undersized horse. The Shetland shepherd dog is a canine herdsman par excellence. Small as he is, in his native country and certain other regions he is successfully used to herd, guard and drive cattle. He is a keen, intelligent little fellow and is said by his owners to be remarkably amenable to training as well as being an affectionate companion. For anyone who admires the collie but hasn't the room for such a large dog, the pocket-size Shetland is an acceptable answer.

The dogs are not common and you may have to do some tall searching to locate a kennel breeding them. The breed is very old and remained obscure for a long time, largely because the Shetland Isles seldom were visited by outsiders. Unfortunately, this is not a very rugged dog and is seldom, if ever, worked in this country.

Now we come to the Sherlock Holmes of all dogs, the bloodhound. Here is a hound that has been dramatized more than any other pooch, but there has been much slander, if not libel, directed his way. His very name is suggestive of violence. Actually he is one of the gentlest of all dogs, as I have explained before in these columns; his name is derived from the fact that this is one of the oldest breeds of dogs for which pedigrees were kept. Many centuries ago he became known as the blooded hound and the transition to bloodhound is easily understood. As I have said, he is not savage. His use on the trail is simply as a tracker and locator of lost persons or those who have been naughty enough to attract the sheriff's attention. It is claimed by the bloodhound folks that the breed goes back well into ancient Roman days. No doubt the soldiers of Caesar's Legions carried some of these dogs with them in their forays into various Mediterranean countries. There are claims that it is the oldest hound that hunts by scent. It made its appearance in Europe long before the Crusades, and in the eyes of many it subsequently has been identified as an English breed because of its long residence in that country; it has been known in America for little more than a century. In pre-Civil War days, the Abolitionists were given to expounding maudlin thoughts about the fugitive slaves that were hunted down and attacked by these hounds. But when a man or

woman is violently engrossed in a Cause, truth is likely to be given the brush-off if an untruth serves to score a point. In this I am reminded of one of Mark Twain's famous remarks made to a shipboard acquaintance who was notoriously prone to exaggerate. After enduring this with more patience than most people would have, Twain said to the Windjammer, "Mister, I'll argue with you. But when you invent your facts, that leaves me speechless."

SO THE malodorous name of the bloodhound was added to further by the fanatics who deemed every slave-holder a Simon Legree. Yes, the dog is gentle, thank goodness. If it weren't, its size would make him extremely difficult to handle. In fact, there is more belligerence in the average bouncy little terrier than you'll find in a score of bloodhounds. It is interesting to note that some of the great bloodhounds of the United States have brought more convictions for the police than have the best human detectives. Frankly, this is not my say-so, but that of the Association of English Bloodhound Breeders and, mind you, they are speaking of the bloodhounds of this country and not their own. On actual record, one dog has been credited with more than 600 criminal convictions made possible by its sleuthing and capture of wrongdoers. One dog, appropriately named "Nick Carter", picked up a trail that was more than 100 hours old and stayed with it to a subsequent conviction. It is not unusual for these dogs, when employed by police, to track human quarry for as far as 50 miles; one led police officers over a 138-mile trail in an effort crowned with success.

The breed is not common in urban districts, but you will find a few in the suburbs and in the country, while a few are regularly attached to rural police departments. In one way it's too bad he's such a big dog—he has such a lovable, gentle disposition. Bloodhound weights range from 100 to 110 pounds when they are not in actual working condition. In training, the weight range may vary from 80 to 90 pounds. I doubt if they need much description, but I will say that never has a dog possessed a more mournful expression. You'd think he hadn't a friend in the world. His colors are red-and-tan, black-and-tan or tawny. For some reason not explained, a very small amount of white is allowed on the tail-tip, feet or chest.

Crossing the Channel on our return from viewing the German dogs, we'll have to go back again to go into Holland where we find one of the few sporting dogs of the Lowlands, the Wire-haired Pointing Griffon of that country. If you didn't know your dogs, at first glance you might mistake this rough-coated, shaggy fellow for an Otter-hound. His coat is hard, stiff and dry and he has a downy undercoat which fits him well for water work. He can be taught to

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Gadget and Gimmick

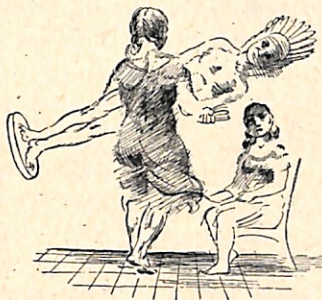
DEPARTMENT



IT IS neither economically sound nor socially correct to let your house burn down. There are few enough houses in the country as it is and it might almost be called your patriotic duty to keep your own tepee intact. So, to those of us who can afford to have our houses painted in these inflated times, here is good news indeed. It is a new fire-resistant paint which should save many homes from going up in smoke. A piece of wood coated with this new paint was subjected to a hot flame for 20 minutes. The paint did not flash, flame or burn and it successfully prevented the flame from getting to the wood. The paint has all the durability and appearance of any first-grade paint, and aging, weathering or washing will not make the paint any less effective against fire.



IS YOUR furniture falling apart? For that matter, is anything around the house falling apart? If it is, relax. You will no longer be at a loss when pursued by the little woman to patch things up around your home. There is a new plastic rubber cement, developed (you guessed it) during the war, which sticks practically anything to anything else. This sounds wonderful. It is wonderful for that matter, but with such an over-all sticking ability, it should be used with some caution. This cement can even be used to fasten fixtures to the walls or woodwork. It will even reset loose screws or nails and stop small leaks in pipes. It sounds too good to be true but it's the McCoy. Your patchwork troubles are over.



NOW that the long winter is upon us there is little use gazing out the window searching for recreation. It is time to fit out your igloo with something to while away the chilly hours. Reading all the best sellers can prove irksome, if not downright nauseous, so here is something for restless mid-winter souls. It is a new combination wood-working machine that may prove more diverting than you think. You can set this machine up in the basement next to the furnace, power it with a small motor and turn out doodads to astound your skeptical children. It is a combination circular saw, slotter, jigsaw, lathe and buffer-polisher head. It can also be adapted for use as a horizontal drill and rotating file. You may not be able to furnish the house with your creations, but you should be able to liven the place up somewhat.



WHEN their reading is interrupted, very few people have a bookmark handy. There's a very good reason for this. To wit: most bookmarks are not very handy. They are either made of paper, which has a short life, or they are leather with a view of Niagara Falls on them. These, fortunately, get lost sooner or later, but this still leaves you without a bookmark. Here's the answer: A small gold-plated metal bookmark has been made that slips on the book when you start, stays firmly in place and has a hinged part that lets you turn the page. You don't have to look around for the bookmark when

you're through reading, as in the old-style variety. Just close the book and your place is kept. It stays with you to the last page, after which you detach the bookmark and put it on the new book which we hope will be a racier novel than the last.



THERE are still a few hardy souls among us known as 'outdoor men'. So be it. They venture into improbable places and come back with hair-raising stories of beasts encountered and avoided, and some few shot. All such men require the correctly appointed hunting lodge or game room in which to unfold their lurid tales. To assist them in having a correctly appointed game room, here is a lamp table made with outdoor men in mind. The table is of normal lamp-table height and the three legs of the table are fashioned like gun stocks. With this table to add tone to the room, even the most demanding of outdoor men will be well satisfied.



THERE is one thing worse than having car trouble on the highway, and that's having car trouble on the highway at night. A flashlight helps some, but its focused beam leaves too much in the dark. Besides that, someone has to hold the flashlight while you do the work and these flashlight holders always doze off, letting the beam illumine some useless area outside the trouble spot. In short, what you need is a light that casts its rays in all directions and doesn't need to be held. Here is one that plugs into your dashboard cigarette lighter socket. It has enough cord to reach all around the car. The light stands on its own base and when not in use can be closed in its compact case and stored in the dashboard compartment. The only thing better than this gimmick is no car trouble at night, which, unfortunately, nobody can guarantee.

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ELK NEWSLETTER

★ WASHINGTON

Although wide differences of opinion exist on prospects for the new year, Government experts are predicting a 20 per cent gain in new construction in 1948. According to a joint estimate of the Department of Commerce and the Department of Labor, the 12-month total should reach \$15.2 billion as compared to the \$12.665 billion indicated for 1947 on the basis of necessarily-incomplete figures.

Private residential building will again be the largest component, with a 25 per cent increase to \$4.8 billion anticipated. The greatest boost to privately-financed non-residential construction is expected to come from increased expenditures by the public utility firms to expand facilities and provide improvements in service.

However, all predictions are based on three assumptions: that no serious recession in general economic activity will take place in 1948; that construction costs will rise only moderately above current levels and that construction will be started on a total of 950,000 privately-financed family dwelling units during the year.

If construction costs rise more sharply than has been assumed, a sharp drop in the volume of all construction may well develop.



Congress will be called on to make one very important decision within the next few weeks. The economic controls on exports under the Second Decontrol Act of 1947 are scheduled to expire at the end of February, and Secretary of Commerce Harriman already has recommended their extension. Exports of fats, oils, fertilizers, tin and commodities in short supply are made subject to regulation by the Act, and the Secretary points out that the need for insulating the domestic economy against an unwarranted drain of scarce commodities is not the only consideration requiring continuation of the export controls. Equally important, he feels, is the fact that the international distribution of these supplies can have profound implications for our foreign policy under present conditions of worldwide shortage.

The OPA song may be ended, but the melody lingers on. The Federal agencies liquidating the Office of Price Administration have announced that the time required for preservation by business of records relating to commodities and services decontrolled by OPA has been extended to November 9, 1949.

The order, issued by the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Commerce and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and approved by the Department of Justice, requires everyone to preserve for the additional period "all records, documents, reports, books, accounts, invoices, sales lists, sales slips, orders, vouchers, contracts, receipts, bills of lading, correspondence, memoranda and other papers, and drafts and copies thereof".



Are Americans going to spend those war-savings after all? A study of consumer credit in the postwar period by L. F. McHugh, of the Office of Economics, casts some interesting light on what we are doing with our personal reserves. His figures show that the volume of consumer credit outstanding at the present time is far below the amount indicated by an extension of the pre-war relationship, although it is admittedly too early to expect a complete return to that relationship.

The volume of automobile installment sales credit outstanding at the end of September was only about half as large as at the end of 1941, although automobile dealers' dollar volume of sales has reached pre-war levels. Non-automotive installment sales credit is also lagging, but sales of durable goods outside the automotive field are fairly well in line with pre-war sales-income relationships.

The evidence seems to be that there is much less buying on credit, with a greater disposition on the part of consumers to pay cash. Direct evidence of the use of charge-account facilities is provided by department-store records. In the first nine months of 1947, charge account purchases accounted for 38 per cent of total sales in contrast to 43 per cent in

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White Lightning

(Continued from page 11)

all comers, he haunted the recreation room, waiting for victims.

One day while Smith was jeering in full voice at a hapless opponent, a slender little guy with a quiet eye strolled in and sat down to watch. He seemed to find the game interesting. Presently he coughed apologetically behind his hand and remarked to the floundering victim, "You—er—you're too far back from the table aren't you? Couldn't you step up a bit?"

"Step up?" wailed Smith's opponent. "I can't step up! He hits 'em too hard!"

"Well—ah—don't let him do that."

There was a moment of silence, and then someone laughed. Then everyone laughed, including Smith. Smith laughed loudest.

"But—but I mean it, really," the little fellow with the quiet eye said, actually blushing. "I could even show you, maybe, if"—and he gazed solemnly at Smith—"it's all right with the lieutenant."

With a good deal of solicitude they put a bat in his hand and led him to slaughter. Smith belted the ball at him.

It was funny. The little fellow only stood there and stroked down on the ball with a kind of lazy s-w-i-s-h every time it came at him. Every time he did that, he set up a great big beautiful floater for Smith to wallop again. And every time Smith walloped it, it went into the net.

Then, still smiling his shy smile, the little fellow abandoned his gentle chopping and began to apply topspin. His topspin lobs looked like set-ups, too. But Lieutenant Smith just couldn't seem to hit them back on the table, though he all but turned himself inside out, trying.

And finally the little guy teed off. He went to work. His feet flew and his bat flashed, and the ball became a white blur that scorched the paint on Smith's half of the table. It did crazy things like bouncing ceiling high or not bouncing at all—like caroming off the white line under Smith's backhand when obviously the little fellow had aimed at Smith's forehead. Once it came down like a drifting snowflake from 'way up near the ceiling, and before Smith could swing at all, it bounced back over the net, clear out of his reach.

Finally the little fellow maneuvered Smith 'way over to the right side of the table and tantalizingly dribbled the ball over the net on the left side, so that Smith, who was breathless then, almost disemboweled himself trying to get it. And with that, the shy fellow laid down his bat, smiled his apologetic smile, and turned to the spectators.

"See?" he said. And he walked out.

Never mind who he was. He never came 'round again. The cure would have been less spectacular if Smith

had found out that he'd been humbled by one of America's best table tennis players, and that the whole deal had been cooked up by his victims. Point is, a lot of very poor table tennis dabblers then and there decided to learn to play the game right.

LET'S deviate a moment to fundamentals. Table tennis, in case you don't know it, is played on a nine by five foot table, usually of plywood, divided by a net into two courts. The weapons are "bats" or "paddles" or "racquets" about the size of salad plates, faced on both sides with piped rubber or some other material designed to impart spin to the ball.

In the old-fashioned game, you held the bat "penholder" style and used only one side of it in hitting the ball. Today, with few exceptions, good players employ a firm, full-fingered grip as if shaking hands. The thumb is extended against the forehand face of the bat, the forefinger against the backhand face, and both sides of the weapon are used in playing.

The basic strokes are two in number—topspin and chop—and to be a skilled player you must learn them backhand as well as forehand. Hitting "up" on the ball imparts topspin, strictly an offensive stroke that will bounce high off your opponent's bat unless he counteracts by hitting "down" or chopping the ball when he returns it. And if you don't counter the spin of his chop when you hit back, the ball definitely will go into the net.

That's all, duffer. The rest is practice. Very few topnotch players fool around with the intricate sidespins so beloved by amateurs. Such dillies are easily spotted by an alert opponent and can be murdered.

The object of this delightful pastime, of course, is precisely the same as in the standard game of tennis: to hit the ball where your opponent ain't, or to put so much stuff on it in the way of speed or spin that he can't return it even if he is. The principal difference between table tennis and the lawn or court variety is that on the smaller playing surface speed becomes blinding and the ball can be made to do incredible things. Playing against a Pagliaro or a Dick Miles is apt to make you permanently cross-eyed, and unless you're alert enough to see what your adversary does to the ball when he strokes it, and take appropriate measures when you hit it back, you're likely to drive it down the gullet of some innocent spectator in the gallery.

Scoring differs from that of the court game. In table tennis you play for 21 points, and service changes after every five. Your correspondent at the height of his dazzling career once played Pagliaro and achieved the commendable score of one to

twenty-one, the "one" being attained when a blindly hit ball tagged the edge of the table and soared in the direction of Albuquerque, New Mexico. Mr. Pagliaro was moody for weeks, with justification. He usually beats dull-witted opponents twenty-one to nothing.

Table tennis reached maturity in Europe long before it did here, and to be quite frank about it, the Europeans are still teaching us a thing or two. For years the Hungarians dominated the field, mainly because of the efforts of a talented gent named Viktor Barna, who in his prime was practically unbeatable. Today the world's champion is a diminutive Czech named Vana, and the number one player in the women's division is Gizi Farkas, a Hungarian. The United States has won the team prize only once in international competition—in 1937. We had an individual world's champion that year in Miss Ruth Hughes Aarons, but the U.S.A. has never yet copped the men's crown. Pagliaro this year was eliminated in the semi-finals. Dick Miles, America's current title-holder, bowed out in the second round.

The war, of course, pushed table tennis into the background for a time and thinned the ranks of the continental stars considerably. At least one European champion was murdered by German SS men; others are still missing. But the Europeans still rule the roost, and with Vana running a full head of steam they'll probably be up there for some time to come. The game in this country is still maturing.

But it's well out of the diaper stage and rapidly growing some chest-hair. Fifteen million Americans now know at least the fundamentals of this fascinating pastime and play it more or less regularly. Leagues are cropping up all over the country.

Behind this forward surge is an organization known as the United States Table Tennis Association, begun fourteen years ago by a handful of enthusiastic paddle-pushers who saw the status to which the sport had climbed in Europe and were fed up with the way it was talked down in America. They came to the conclusion that without some sort of guidance table tennis here would always be ping-pong, and people like Paul Gallico would continue to call it "sis-sy". But what to do?

"Let's get the real players together," they decided, "and haul the game out of the cellar. Dignify it with first-class competition in surroundings that will attract spectators. The right kind of publicity will follow naturally."

The sort of publicity desired was not easily obtained. Sports writers still shunned even the best of the spacious, well-equipped table tennis parlors. But the Association kept doggedly to its program, slowly

picked up members and strength, and in time began to get results. Names like Coleman Clark, Jimmy Jacobson, Jimmy McClure and Sol Schiff began appearing more often in the newspapers, setting the stage for a couple of brilliant youngsters, Pagliaro and Sally Green, who were just beginning to give off sparks in the background.

EVEN the rumpus-room dub who never hopes or expects to meet anything but neighborhood competition owes much to the USTTA. More, in fact, than he knows. Take the matter of equipment. Time was when any manufacturer who felt like glueing a couple of sheets of sandpaper to a slab of scrap wood could, and did, call it a table tennis paddle. Balls of a dozen different weights were slapped together with bulging seams. No two tables were alike.

The Association decided something had to be done about this touchy subject. Not powerful enough to bluster, it quietly tested the many makes of equipment and persuaded its members to buy and use only that which measured up to reasonable standards of quality. The makers of good equipment were encouraged by increased sales. Inferior stuff gathered dust on dealers' shelves.

Most tables today are of uniformly good construction, sturdy, non-glaring, free from hard or soft spots which tend to ruin a match by making the ball do tricks. Brother, that's important. The game is mystifying enough without any extra gimmicks. A good player, knowing the capabilities of his bat, can make the ball bounce high or low, right or left, hard or soft. Champions like Pagliaro and Miles can blur it across the net with such blinding speed that when it hits, it skids like a heel on a pad of butter. An inferior table or a bad ball would reduce a match between such players to a spectacle of two drunks swatting at bolts of lightning. They might even knock themselves out.

That's happened. At an Ohio tournament, Sam Shannon went tearing after a difficult return, sprained an ankle, and had to be repaired by Dr. Harry Sage, another contestant. Players sometimes put their shoulders out of kilter or damage their wrists. Once an ambitious lad in an amateur league streaked up to the table to return a nasty little drop-shot that barely cleared the net, and was unable to stop when his brakes failed. When he came to in a hospital, his scalp was stitched like a baseball. The table was flat on the floor with all eight legs collapsed.

In your correspondent's game room, one rugged individual propelled himself head-first through a wallboard partition and wound up in a rack of busted storm windows in the adjoining room. Sober, too. Some fellows play table tennis for keeps.

Approved equipment is listed in the Association's magazine, *Table Tennis Topics*, a lively smooth-paper publication mailed every month to all

who pay the annual membership fee of a dollar. It contains personality pieces, news of tournament play, entertaining chit-chat, and some outstanding articles by experts on how the game should be played. The international scene is ably covered, too, with reports on the activities of players in all 27 member nations of the International Federation. The Association being strictly a non-profit outfit, the editor draws no salary, but the magazine is one of the best of its type, well edited and chock-full of information.

Subscriptions to *Topics* come in with some surprising postmarks. The magazine goes regularly to readers in South Africa, Australia, the West Indies, Holland, India and other out-of-the-way mail boxes. That's because American GIs played table tennis all over the world, winning more than their share of championships, and foreign interest in our doings is now at its peak.

"Your players," writes a Bombay subscriber, "were very popular here. I will be failing in my duty if I let this opportunity pass without informing you that it was the spirit in which they played the game that matters so much." (Herb Aronson, a Chicago GI, won the India championship while stationed there.)

Even the Japs play table tennis. No Japanese has ever held a world's title, but the sons of Nippon are enthusiastic students of the game. They like to paint pretty ladies on their paddles, and lately have been using bats decorated with pictures of General MacArthur. What the general thinks of this is not on record.

Membership in the USTTA is open to any resident of the United States or its Possessions, and no distinction is made between amateurs and professionals. There just aren't enough pros to make a division worthwhile. A national championship tourney is held once a year for the more talented. (Last year, at Chicago, Dick Miles emerged as men's titlist and Leah Thall, of Columbus, as champion of the ladies.) Local, state and intersectional tournaments are taking place all the time, all over the country.

Leagues are gathering momentum everywhere, with teams from factories, stores, business and civic organizations busily batting the ball around. Newspapers devote real space to news of local associations and league standings. Important

matches have been broadcast and televised. Colleges play the game. Newsreels have featured it.

The national organization and many of the local affiliates have outstanding stars on tap at all times for exhibitions. All are top-notch players, but more than that, they are first-rate exhibition players, clever and colorful, loaded with tricks that leave an audience gasping. They don't make much money at it, but they like to demonstrate the game and the Association likes to have them do it. Even the current national champions are available.

They run into some funny situations now and then. Wes Bishop and Marlin Tucker recall wryly the time they were asked to demonstrate the game in a club loft. The lights consisted of two sick twenty-watt bulbs up near the ceiling and a huge spotlight at floor level. The warped table wobbled on matchstick legs. The floor was draped with a thick, dusty carpet.

The club members had never seen a real game of table tennis and didn't want to be bothered. They thought the whole thing a waste of time cooked up for them by a dull-witted entertainment committee.

"It was like fighting around in a mine shaft, knee-deep in mud," Tucker says. "And to rub it in, only about twenty spectators bothered to climb the stairs to watch us."

But when they warmed up to the game and got used to the blinding glare of that floor-level spotlight, their brand of table tennis jolted the indifferent spectators right out of their seats. The members downstairs were enthusiastically summoned. At two o'clock in the morning, so tired they could scarcely stand, Tucker and Bishop finally dragged themselves out of there and crawled home to bed.

THAT'S the way to build up the game, these boys and girls insist. Show people how to play it. So the best players in the country—champs and ex-champs and coming champs—willingly put on exhibitions for the uninitiated. Broken-down tables, impossible lights and damp concrete floors are taken in stride. In an audience of bewildered graybeards may be a potential fan with influence. Among the shrieking urchins of a back-street boys' club may be the next world's champion. "Give us time," they insist, "and there will soon be more tennis tables than there are bowling alleys."

But the future of the game still depends on the rumpus-room player. He's the one who buys or builds a table, begins paddling the little white ball around for amusement or recreation, and sooner or later starts wondering how good other players are. Curiosity leads him to investigate the local table tennis club and perhaps join a neighborhood league for competition with players like himself, in rumpus rooms like his own.

Eventually these once-indifferent people begin to talk about their fore-



hands and backhands, their drives, chops and blocks, and start looking at their feet. Then the more talented "cellar league" players graduate to win state and sectional championships, and begin reaching for the top.

Fifteen million enthusiastic fans play the game, and the talented are many. The Association gets reams of mail from interested beginners who want to know about rules, leagues, places to play, and the procedure for forming local affiliates.

The fifteen million insist that table tennis is the fastest and fastest-growing game in the world. It's

growing, all right. And the way it's played today, it certainly is first cousin to a tussle with a bolt of lightning. If you need convincing, grab a bat and park yourself across the table from someone who plays it properly. And don't forget to duck.

On the other hand, maybe you'll surprise the spectators, as did a couple of practically unknown fellows who strolled into the 1946 National Championships in New York City and walked out with the senior doubles title almost before anyone thought to ask their names. Humble cellar-leaguers all over the country are still chuckling.

It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 12)

which has for centuries titillated the peculiar but knowing French.

For the salad there are few improvements to be made on lettuce, tomatoes, celery, radishes and green onions in season. But hearts of palm from tropical Pacific islands are something new and delicious. Speaking of the Pacific, there is also a Javanese salad dressing with an enticing oriental flavor which few people can eat without favorable comment.

America in recent years has discovered sauces and flavorings and now there is one for almost every taste. Of a few that have special interest, one is a mint sauce made from pear vinegar and chopped spearmint leaves according to an old Elizabethan recipe. Another is a set of three tomato marmalades, yellow, red and green, which are about as close as you can get to the way Grandmother used to make them down on the farm. And nobody can beat Grandmother's tomato marmalade. A third is a fine English chutney, unavailable during the war, which somehow gives authority to a dozen or so otherwise ordinary dishes.

Then there is an exhilarating wild cranberry jelly which comes from Minnesota. It doesn't take an epicure to distinguish this from the bland store-boughten stuff. And it can be eaten without turkey, too.

AMONG the nuts that might excite interest are the delicious and little known Macadamian from Hawaii, which is not unlike the cashew, and the pinon from New Mexico. The pinon tree is of the pine family and the nut occurs only once in several years, so it isn't always available, but for cracking while sitting around a fire after a good meal it's as much fun as peanuts at the circus.

While we're at it, I might mention a few more foods which should give the natives a thrill. There is Cuban honey gathered by enterprising black bees of the Maestra Mountains in the Province of Oriente. Dark and rich in color, it is considered to be one of the world's finest honeys.

As accompaniment for beer there

is no bread like pumpernickel, and in the new tins it is ready-sliced and packed with each slice separated by wax paper. Oka cheese has a fine flavor with real zip to it, and it is again possible to get by mail the real French Roquefort, which is made from sheep's milk, aged in cool caves and is described as one of man's great gustatory achievements. For those who like their cheese soft and creamy, the famed Bel Paese of Italy is back. This is safe enough to serve even to Aunt Minnie.

These sample suggestions of simple dishes are practically guaranteed to create a mild sensation. They are no more trouble than opening a can of spaghetti, though with triumphantly different results. Since they aren't for everyday, they're comparatively inexpensive. You can procure a supply of some of the dishes mentioned here for \$10 and a small pantry full for \$25. Considering what they may do for you they are dirt cheap, either as an investment in pleasure or as an investment in his future by a wise young man who once in a while has the boss over to dinner.

There are, of course, those ambitious souls who, having succeeded with such simple propositions as proposed above, will want to try something really remarkable. I am prepared for them too. I also am prepared for the city boys who don't get to hunt. I know a place where they can buy Mallard ducks at \$9.75 a pair, Bob White quail at \$7.75 a pair, or that aristocrat of game birds, the Chukar partridge, at \$13.50 for two. And I know too where you can buy a brace of Ringneck Pheasants which will come to you fresh and ready to stuff with wild rice gathered by Chippewa Indians in Minnesota. These pheasants—in fact, all these game birds—arrive in full plumage, so if you plan it properly and invite your guests early enough, you may even show them the birds as they are taken out of their attractive box.

There may be better ways of getting yourself talked about, but if there are I can't think of them and even if I did I couldn't have them printed here.

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TURNTABLE TALK

BY CHARLES MILLER



THERE are times in the life of every record reviewer when he feels that the only solution to his problems lies in the old Greek maxim, "drop dead". He spends an alarming portion of his waking hours feeding records to a phonograph and then hovers over a typewriter striving vainly to think of something new to say about the latest offerings of Stan Kenton or Elliott Lawrence or Kay Kyser or Sammy Kaye or nearly every big dance orchestra that preserves its efforts on wax. What can he say that hasn't been said before about a band whose latest record sounds exactly like the record it made last week or last year? What recommendations can he make regarding arrangements poured from a mold to fit dull, mawkish, uninspired tunes that are a monument to unintentional (and I use the word in a fit of generosity) plagiarism? He's about to suggest to listeners lucky enough to live in tall buildings that the greatest pleasure to be derived from such records involves scaling them out the window and watching them execute graceful arcs in their earthward flight. Then along comes something by Duke Ellington to hold you back.

In a business where the absence of tedium and bad taste is the exception rather than the rule, the Duke's music is a wonderful breath of fresh air. Each new record is a surprise, because although his genius is evident in all his work, he never does the same thing twice. Every new composition offers some new melodic pattern, some new combination of brass, reeds, rhythm and solos that is daring and frequently complex, but always basically logical and always exciting. His music has been called experimental but this isn't really the word, because "experimental" implies blind, uncertain stabs at an objective. In the case of the Duke, the music is the obvious completion of the experiment, the Q.E.D., ultra-modern music that is intellectually and emotionally stimulating without going beyond the bounds of common sense and good taste. While my own preferences lean toward small, aggressive little gangs beating their brains out on some well-worn Dixieland tune, I'm inclined to bend an ear in the Duke's direction whenever I'm subjected to his sophisticated and somewhat more introverted creations, and this is all by the way of introduc-

tion to a new Victor album entitled "Duke Ellington Plays the Blues" (P-182). Combining his own talents with those of brilliant soloists whose work is nevertheless characteristically Ellington, the Duke does things with the fundamental twelve-bar theme that will frequently leave you breathless. On a tune called "Trans-blucency", for example, the Duke pulls his favorite stunt of blending the human voice with the orchestra, in such a way that you wonder why people ever bother to write words for tunes. Other arrangements are equally sensitive and thoughtful, and still others full of a spark and attack that you could hardly believe existed in arranged jazz music. These records, incidentally, are not new. They were made a year or so ago but, for reasons best known to Victor, were not put on sale until recently, and their current release only adds to the confusion over just what company Ellington is recording for, since both Musicraft and Columbia are offering some of his newer works, too, "Diminuendo in Blue" and "Jam a Ditty" for the former label, and "Put Yourself in My Place, Baby", and "The Wildest Gal in Town", for Columbia, to whom he's under contract at present.

THREE Columbia albums offer a rather wide and pleasing variety. Alvy West, a musician and composer whose fame among listeners is something less than nil, stands a good chance of increasing his stature with an album of his own original and exotic arrangements, played by a small sextet. Although he's no Ellington—and probably doesn't want to be thought of as such—West eschews the stereotyped forms and comes through with some really impressive mood music that should be easy to take, either for listening or rolling up the rugs (C-152). And Dinah Shore does what's expected on four sides packaged as "Torch Songs" (D-1). Although she's no blues singer in the jazz tradition, she nevertheless conveys the idea that she ain't happy about something, and gives four wonderful old tunes a very sympathetic treatment. A real earthy flavor may be found in a book of hill-billy tunes by Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys (C-143). It's remarkably easy to play this kind of stuff in a tiresome, saccharine way, but the Acuff tribe is at home with the music, and has picked some of

the more authentic mountain tunes for a surprisingly entertaining performance.

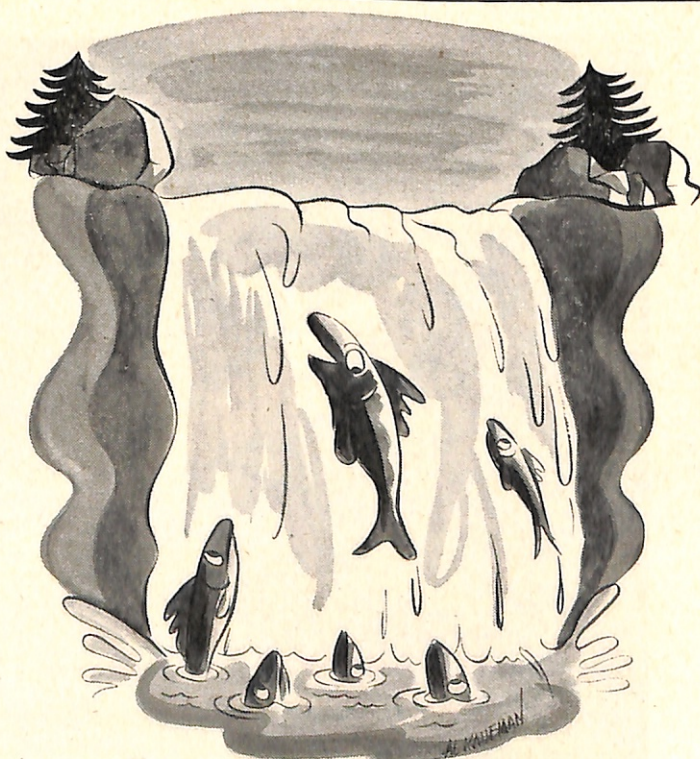
PROBABLY the most unusual record of the current releases is Capitol's "Ja Da" and "Three O'Clock Jump", played by what might be called a pick-up band of Capitol's biggest recording names (the label lists them as "Ten Cats and a Mouse"). All fine musicians in their own right, for these sides they put tongue in cheek and try their hands at instruments with which they're not too familiar. Xylophonist Red Norvo takes over the piano, Dave Barbour applies guitarist's fingers to the valves of a trumpet, tenor saxophonist Eddie Miller trades instruments with alto man Benny Carter, vocalist Peggy Lee plays drums, and so on down the line. The result is an easy-going jam session with occasional flashes of the real thing. I only wish the record companies would make more of this informal stuff.

Call it honky-tonk, barrelhouse, or what you will, the solo piano of Johnny Wittwer has a rough, primitive appeal that smacks less of ostentatious clip joints than it does of cellar clubs on the wrong side of the tracks. This kind of music isn't heard much these days, and I think you'll like Wittwer's six sides just released by the Jazz Man Record Shop in Hollywood, where Wittwer is holding down the keyboard spot in Wingy Mannone's band.

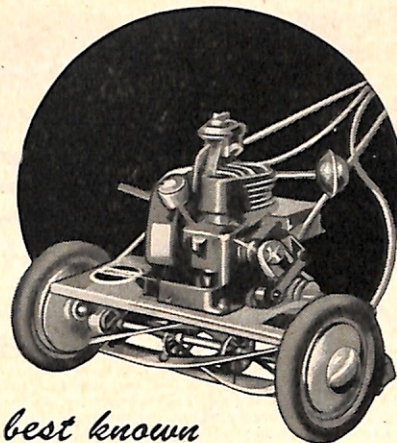
One of the most important men behind the scenes of the music business today is John Hammond, president of Keynote Records. For many years an untiring defender and promoter of hot jazz music, Hammond

has nevertheless kept many other irons in the fire, and his latest project should prove of more than passing interest to lovers of classical music. He has just completed a four-year agreement with the Gramophone Industries of Czechoslovakia which entitles Keynote to the exclusive American production and distribution rights for the immense Czech record library. This arrangement, which will involve the release of 30 to 50 classical records or albums each year, will make available to Americans many works formerly difficult, if not impossible, to obtain in this country. The records will be known as "Keynote Classics", and will feature symphonies and concertos by Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Tchaikowsky, Prokofieff, Ravel and others, as well as chamber music by Beethoven, Schubert, Haydn and Mozart, all played by leading European symphony orchestras and chamber music groups. Other exceptional works include Hindemith conducting the Berlin Philharmonic in his "Matthis der Mahler" and Stravinsky conducting his ballet "Card Party". In addition, the Czech library includes a number of Russian works and a wealth of Czech music by Smetana and Dvorak as well as traditional folk music.

During the war, a number of GIs from the 372nd Regiment were organized into a choral group that toured the Pacific and ETO, giving 2,000 concerts for servicemen on every battlefield. This unusually talented group may be heard today as the Infantry Chorus, under the direction of Leonard De Paur, on a Columbia album that includes many fine American, Russian and Italian compositions.



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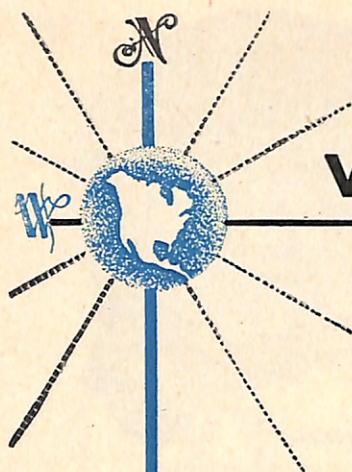
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VACATIONS UNLIMITED

BY ED TYNG

Go South, young man, and let who will be chilly.

ONE of the helpful things about Florida is that it is but a short distance from other vacation places easily accessible by airplane, ship or automobile. By car it is a nice trip to New Orleans; by ship it is a short voyage to Cuba or Nassau; by plane it is a short flight to Cuba, Nassau or the West Indian Islands, as well as Central and South America.

An interesting route for the automobilist is the overseas highway from Miami to Key West, stopping along the keys for the incomparable fishing. Some of the keys never have been explored and are tropical paradises. Key West is the southernmost city of the United States; a city that is rich in historical significance. It is one of the most delightful of winter resorts, with everything available from white beaches to golf courses.

At Key West one can hire a motor boat and visit that mysterious and solitary national monument, Fort Jefferson on Garden Key, a colossal structure, never completed. It was begun in 1846, garrisoned during the War Between the States, and used as a military and political prison.

If you are in Florida the latter part of January, you will find the tide of travel moving toward Tampa for the only spectacle in the country that seriously rivals the Mardi Gras festivals of New Orleans. February 9 is Gasparilla Day, when Ye Mystic Krewe of Gasparilla, comprising some 200 citizens dressed as pirates, invade Tampa, in a full-rigged pirate ship. Usually a beachhead is established on the banks of the Hillsborough River, to the accompaniment of a water pageant and token resistance by the besieged that delights the surging crowds that come to the city for the celebration. The affair is intended to be a reenactment of the history of the last of the buccaneers to sail the Spanish Main, but one of the curious things about it all is that the passage of 125 years has so colored the pirate's history with romance that his infamous character has been quite forgotten.

For the first time since the war it is possible to find a way to go almost anywhere by steamer, particularly to ports in the West Indies, Central and South America. There are cruise ships, some so popular that one has to book early, and regular passenger ships, many of them combination vessels that

carry commercial cargo as well. The postwar trend in ocean liners is toward fast freighters that will carry a limited number of passengers in outside staterooms that are, in general, more modern and de luxe than were available in pre-war days. However, plans are being made for the building of several deluxe liners to compete with the British "Queens."

IN THE shipping business new vessels are constantly being commissioned and schedules are continually undergoing revision. Therefore, the cruise-minded person will be wise to consult his travel agent, who usually is the first to be notified directly by shipping companies of new ocean travel arrangements, rates and types of ships in operation. For the traveler to whom time is no object, it is possible to see great segments of the world on leisurely cruises on small tramp freighters that call at one port after another, completing the trip in anywhere between 20 and 60 days. Since passengers are carried in limited numbers, and since freight is the main business, accommodations will be found to be somewhat antiquated but comfortable. The food generally is wholesome, for the freighter passenger

Ewing Galloway Photo



Motoring can be rough on the Pan American Highway.

but not frilly, and rates for passage are correspondingly low. Usually, there is no big saving to be had on foreign flag vessels.

Tropical voyages to the Caribbean area are popular at this season. The Eastern Steamship Lines has an attractive service from New York to Nassau, Miami and Havana. The 13-day trip costs from \$225 up, according to type of accommodation. The Alcoa Steamship Company, operating postwar vessels from New York and New Orleans on trips of 17 to 24 days through the West Indies, at costs ranging from \$425, has another excellent service. The *Borinquen*, a single-cabin class ship having a capacity of 360 passengers, is the Puerto Rican Line's ship for passage to Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic. Minimum round-trip rates are \$163 to San Juan and \$189 to Trujillo City. The Grace Line has de luxe service on luxury liners to the Netherlands West Indies and the north coast of South America at rates starting at \$395 for a 12-day trip.

Nearly everyone who has an automobile has a notion that some day he will travel to Panama or South American over the Pan American Highway that he has read about so much and over parts of which (nice parts) he has perhaps ridden in Mexico. He can get to Mexico City comfortably, and to the resort city of Oaxaca, 252 miles south of the Mexican capital, without undue difficulty.

A little hamlet called Trinitaria, 50 miles from Guatemala, at present is the end of the line for south-bound motorists.

A word about shipping your car by

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 18)

retrieve successfully and is a rugged, keen-nosed, all-around field dog. He's a bit slow, but follows his birds faithfully and usually successfully. He's a powerful swimmer and thus is fine on water-fowl. His coat, unusual in a sporting breed, is said to be particularly adapted to swampy country. There's a bit of pointer blood in him, possibly that of the German short-haired. He's not as popular here with sportsmen as he deserves. The American Kennel Club, which allocated some 110 officially recognized breeds, catalogs the Griffon very rightly as a sporting dog.

NEARLY every country has one or more breeds that it uses for herding, but not many of them take the trouble to designate those breeds as shepherd dogs. The Germans do, and so do the Belgians. Two British breeds closely approach this designation by naming one the Old English Sheep Dog, and another the Shetland Sheep Dog. The correct name for the Belgian shepherd is Belgian Sheep Dog. His family tree is pretty old and there are some five varieties of unrecognized cousin-breeds in that country. When I say unrecognized I merely refer to the

rail in Mexico: don't do it unless you have top priority from a top official. Shipment and delivery take weeks and the railroad doesn't want to clutter up its inadequate rolling stock.

The tropical islands of the West Indies, so many of which were discovered and named by Columbus and other early navigators, stretch for about 1,700 miles from Florida to the northeast coast of South America, separating the Atlantic from the Caribbean. At the southern end of this chain of islands, within sight of South America, is lively and cosmopolitan Trinidad and its little sister island, Tobago. Tobago is supposed to be the island Dafoe had in mind when he wrote *Robinson Crusoe*. Its name is a corruption of the native *Tapuago*, meaning pipe-shaped.

If one goes to Trinidad it is better not to go between May and December, because there is five-foot-four inches of rain there every year and most of it falls during those months. December to June is the dry season, with only two or three inches of rain a month. The thermometer rarely rises above 90 and almost never falls under 74. The climate is ideal for all outdoor sports but, being a British colony, cricket tops the list. A third of the population is East Indian, including 94,000 Hindus and 20,000 Mohammedans; they came in originally as indentured immigrants after emancipation of Negro slaves. In Port-of-Spain, capital city, there are English, French and Spanish sections, with an admixture of Portuguese and Chinese; the colonizing countries of Europe fought hard for the land of the humming bird.

official AKC recognition. There are, however, two distinct varieties for which there are official standards. One is the "Malinois"; the other, "Groenendael". The former looks more like the German shepherd than does the latter. They are large, powerful dogs of high intelligence. The Groenendael is a shaggier dog, although he has the shepherd contour. Actual size for both ranges from 23½ inches down to 22½. The Malinois gets its name from the town of Malines. He's the short-coated fellow. The breeders claim, however, that even though he looks like the German shepherd, he's a very different breed. Not many dogs have been the inspiration of noted writers. You've probably heard of or read Ouida's "Dog of Flanders". The famous philosopher and dramatist Maeterlinck selected the Belgian shepherd as the subject of his "Our Friend, the Dog". Incidentally, the breed as a police assistant is not confined to Belgium; it is credited with being the first to be trained as a police dog. During the recent wars, including World War I, many of them were used by the armies of both sides and many of them lost their lives.



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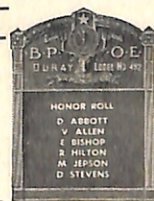
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"when the wolfish druggist . . ."

(Continued from page 8)

with a fork. She got up again to get a house organ issued by some pharmaceutical firm, and read while she ate. Norma studied all the new drug literature and, since she had written a couple of articles for *The Pestle and Mortar*, never tired of implying how little he did to keep up with modern medicine.

That was another reason . . .

Harry Lund's hand was trembling slightly as he lifted his coffee cup. It wasn't fear. Oh, no. It was excitement, excitement.

AFTER they had cleaned up the kitchen, Norma settled in the living room with her magazine. Under the pretense of chopping wood, Harry slipped out to the garage. He had a knack for tinkering with the car, and enjoyed it. He kept an old pair of denim overalls in the garage. He put them on and wormed his way under the car's decrepit chassis. It took very little time to file the brake cable almost through. One violent application of the pedal would snap it. Almost certainly. And he knew Norma's driving as well as his own—and the road. There was no need for the brakes until the corner before Suicide Bend and there Norma always jammed them full on.

He took off his overalls, washed his hands in icy water from the faucet, picked up an armful of logs from the woodpile and went back to the house.

Norma watched him from black, alert eyes over her magazine. "Domestic, too. All the virtues this morning!"

He crossed to the fireplace and stooped to lay down the logs. Behind him Norma's voice came: "The roads are terrible, aren't they? Think I should skip Ella today?"

One of the logs clattered to the floor. He said with an evenness that made him proud of himself, "She'll be expecting you, won't she? You can't get in touch with her by phone. If you don't show up, she'll be afraid you've had an accident."

"I guess you're right." Norma laughed again. "I might as well go anyway. It'll give you a chance to sneak in a date with your new girl friend . . ."

Harry Lund stood at the kitchen window. Cautiously he had eased the car out of the garage for Norma and left it headed down the road. He had seen her, in her old blue tweed coat, step into the car and drive away. He had run back to the kitchen. Any second now the car would come into view from the window, approaching Suicide Bend. His stomach was fluttering. A curious sensation. Almost as if he was drunk.

The afternoon sunlight beat down on the empty twist of road. Suddenly a car gleamed, Norma's car. He saw it sweep into the bend, topple grotesquely for a second on the brink of the drop and then plunge over.

The sound of wrenched, rattling metal split the silence. A roar, a rumble, fainter as the car hurtled down, down.

He turned away from the window. He wanted to shout, to clap his hands, absurdly to call the boarding house where Frances lived and say: Marry me, darling. Marry me.

But he satisfied himself with a smile, the little curled sophisticated smile of an artist who knows that his job was well done.

He went into the living room and turned on the radio loud so that it would seem reasonable he had not heard the crash. He picked up the magazine Norma had been reading. Soon the neighbors would be coming. He would be ready for them.

The front door buzzer rang shrilly. Harry Lund straightened his handsome red and blue tie and went to answer the door. Mrs. Grant, who lived down the street, stood on the threshold. She was panting; her face was distraught.

"Mr. Lund, your wife . . . something happened to the car. It went over Suicide Bend."

Harry Lund put up a hand to cover his fine eyes. "God, no. It's not possible. I thought I heard something, but the radio . . ."

"All the way down," panted Mrs. Grant. "I saw it. Right from the living room window. Come."

He was running after her through the snowy streets. At Suicide Bend, a little group of neighbors was huddled at the roadside. Moaning his wife's name, Harry Lund pushed through them and looked down. Far below in the bed of the valley he saw the car in flames, a twisted wreck of metal. He also saw two men stooped over some blue, half visible object a little way down the sharp, sloping side of the hill. A third man was scrambling away from them up the grade. He came to Harry and pumped his hand up and down.

"She must have opened the door and thrown herself free. She's unconscious, maybe hurt a little. But Doc Peterson's down there and he says she's all right, Mr. Lund. It's a miracle. That's what it is. A miracle"

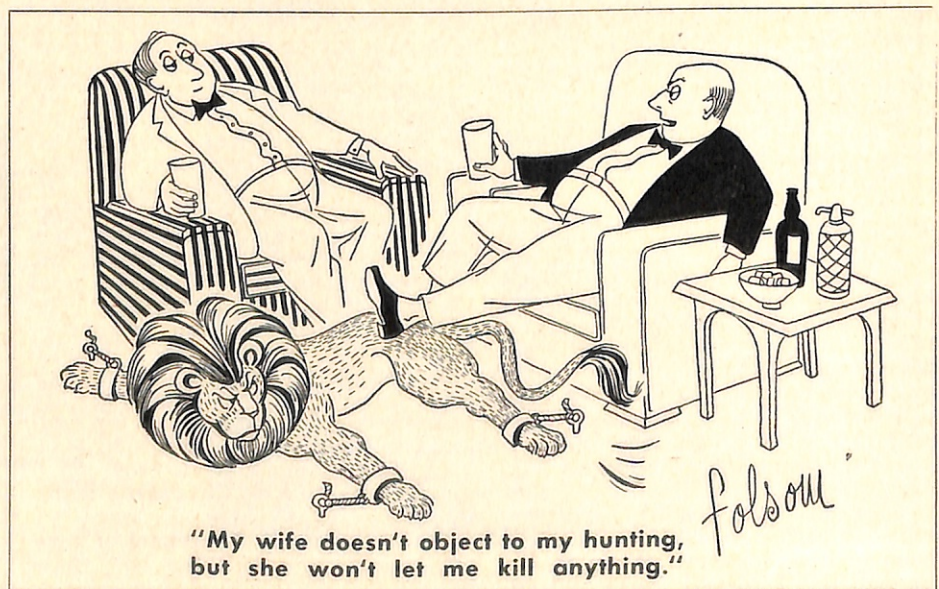
IT WAS a miracle. Norma had escaped with a sprained ankle and a shock to her nervous system. The injury was not serious enough for hospitalization, but Dr. Peterson confined her to bed for interminable weeks.

There was no suspicion of a fixed accident. Harry was almost sure of that. At first the immense relief kept him from thinking of anything else. But gradually he began to realize that life had become infinitely worse. Norma was a difficult patient, demanding constant attention. Her sister Ella, with four children, could offer no assistance. Harry had to hire an expensive day nurse. Without his wife to spell him, he was obliged to stay all day at the drugstore, snatching a sandwich lunch behind the counter. With his evenings enforcedly dedicated to Norma, there was no chance to see Francis.

He had called her once, feebly ascribing his elusiveness to a succession of business trips. For the first time, Frances' voice over the wire had been chilly.

And to make matters worse, he had lost the car and the amount of insurance was much too small to buy a new one, even if a new one had been available. Each morning he had to get up two hours earlier to cook Norma's breakfast before the nurse arrived, and then trudge down the snow-slushy hill to take the trolley to the store. He caught a cold which he could not shake.

But of all the resultant miseries, the new, inescapable intimacy with Norma was the most gruelling. The little house had only one bedroom.



Constantly smoking, propped up in bed in the pink quilted robe, his wife bossed him, questioning and directing store policy like a tart-tongued old empress. Something, maybe a half-realized sense of guilt, maybe a tacit admission of her greater strength of character, made him obey meekly. She developed a perverse habit of waking in the early dawn hours and sending him, sleep-stupefied, aching with cold and hatred, to the kitchen for orange juice or a glass of hot milk.

Christmas came and, in a burst of seasonal sentimentality, Norma insisted upon a tree in the bedroom. Harry had to drag it all the way up the icy hill and decorate it with colored balls and pretty little old-fashioned candles under a barrage of sarcastic criticism. The nurse demanded Christmas off. Harry Lund closed the drugstore, cooked a turkey with the reluctant, neighborly help of Mrs. Grant and served a meal, with gift-wrapped presents, to Norma in the bedroom. Norma was vivacious and, after domestic champagne, almost flirtatious.

That night Harry Lund knew that, however dangerous it might be, he was going to try to kill her again.

A TRIVIAL incident gave him his second idea. Norma was still in bed a few days after Christmas, but she could hobble around with the help of a cane. When she was in the bathroom, Harry came up from the kitchen to find that one of her inevitable cigarettes had rolled, still alight, from the ashtray and was smoldering perilously close to the low, tinder-dry branches of the tree.

Instinctively he stubbed it. But, as he did so, the idea sprang full-born into his mind, bringing a tingle, a thrill.

The Retail Druggist's Convention was giving a banquet in two days' time. Norma knew about it and, always conscientious where anything professional was at stake, expected him to go. What if Norma, under the influence of a sedative, should drop asleep and leave a cigarette alight? What if a fire, a sudden, concentrated blaze in the bedroom, should break out while he was at the banquet? The house was insured. He had planned to sell it anyway.

Some sort of time-clock device was all he needed. His tinkerer's mind solved that problem easily. He brought home a couple of cans of lighter fluid from the drugstore. All he had to do was to stand one of the Christmas candles under the tree on some of the artificial moss saturated with lighter fluid. The candle would burn down and ignite the moss. The moss would ignite the tree.

Harry Lund felt his manhood returning. That night he smiled at his reflection in the mirror.

It smiled back, reassuringly handsome and decisive.

Half an hour before he was due to leave for the banquet, Harry Lund, spruce in a freshly pressed blue suit, heated milk in the kitchen and dis-

solved into the glass three strong hypnotic tablets. He carried the glass up to the bedroom.

"Thought you might like your milk before I left."

"Why, how considerate he is." Norma's sharp black eyes studied him with mock admiration. "And doesn't he look dashing tonight!"

She tossed her cigarette down on an ashtray and drank great draughts of the milk. He kept himself from watching her. He moved around the room pretending to tidy up. His temples were throbbing.

"Want the window open, dear?"

"On a night like this? You might help me to the bathroom though."

When she came out of the bathroom a few minutes later, she was already staggering from sleep. She mumbled confusedly as he half-carried her back to the bed and tucked her in. Soon she turned over on her side and began to breathe deeply. He saw she was asleep.

Carefully Harry Lund arranged his death-trap under the tree, the candle, just the right amount of artificial moss soaked in lighter fluid, at just the right position under a dry limb.

He lit the candle. Half an hour, maybe. Or more. An hour. The tree would flare up. The curtains would catch. In a matter of moments, the room would be an inferno.

The little candle flame flickered unobtrusively as he tiptoed out of the room.

While he trudged down the hill to the trolley stop, Harry Lund thought of Frances' young face flushed with love and gratitude as she opened the prettily wrapped package.

"So you didn't forget my Christmas present after all. Oh, *Spring Lilac*. My favorite perfume. You shouldn't have done it. So expensive, I know"

THE telephone call came just after the banquet had begun. That morning he had casually mentioned the banquet to Mr. Grant so that the neighbors would know where to find him. It was Grant himself, announcing excitedly, "Come back at once, Lund. Your house is on fire."

Feeling important from the drama around him, Harry Lund excused himself breathlessly and raced for a taxi. As it slithered up the icy hill, he saw fire engines and a milling crowd outside his house. He also saw that, though the flames seemed to be almost extinguished, the upper floor had been completely gutted.

Warm with dangerous excitement, he got out of the taxi. Someone grabbed his arm and started to pull him across the lawn to the next-door-neighbor's house. He found himself in a brightly lit living room. Norma was lying on a couch with a blanket over her.

Someone was saying, "The smoke woke her up. She managed to crawl out just in time."

Norma's black eyes were fixed on his face, solemn with contrition.

(Continued on page 30)

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"Harry, I'm so terribly ashamed. My vile habit of smoking in bed. I fell asleep and the cigarette caught fire to the Christmas tree"

THE top floor of the house had been demolished, but downstairs there had been little or no damage. The agent from the insurance company did not question the legitimacy of the fire, but let Harry know that the condition of the building warranted payment of less than a third of the total policy. With the increased cost of materials and labor, it would take almost all Harry's savings to make his home habitable again.

Because of the housing shortage, it was impossible to find another place to live. For a short, dismal period, Harry and Norma led a squalorous camping existence on the lower floor of the burnt-out house. Then, by a stroke of luck, their tenants above the drugstore moved to another city and they were able to settle in the tiny two-room apartment there.

Norma still could walk only with difficulty, and Doctor Peterson warned that the added shock of the fire should be neutralized by a long rest. But, taking on herself the full blame for the loss of their home, Norma refused to go away or stay in bed. As if in atonement she worked absurd hours in the store, hobbling around with a cane. A few weeks later she collapsed. Doctor Peterson diagnosed a heart condition, prescribed epinephrine and summarily put her back to bed.

For Harry Lund life had become gray and sour as the ashes of his destroyed bedroom. Twice, when Norma's sister Ella dropped in, he was able to slip away and call Frances, but his excuses were even less convincing and her acceptance of them even more frigid. This was very different from his rosy dreams of *Spring Lilac* and the girl's flushed gratitude.

Vain though he was of his attraction to women, Harry Lund realized that, unless something happened soon, he would lose Frances forever.

As disaster closed in from all sides, Harry Lund's picture of himself as a martyr took on an immense vividness. Life was pummeling him with blows whose strength was out of all proportion to his deserts. And, in consequence, his determination to finish what he had started grew out of all proportion also. No scheme was too reckless for him to consider. Once, at the poison safe in the store, he made up a capsule of potassium cyanide. Only the weak vestiges of a self-preservation instinct kept him from spilling it that night into Norma's bouillon.

But he kept the capsule always in his pocket. He would touch it frequently during the day. It became the one thing that was on his side, his one friend.

And then the opportunity came. Harry Lund knew that only a man capable of daring and swift decision would have seen it as such. But then he was possessed of both qualities.

One evening Norma had asked him to go around to her sister's to borrow a book she wanted. Just before he was about to leave, she had another attack.

Epinephrine! As he looked down at his wife, convulsively gasping for breath in the bed, the name of the drug prescribed by Doctor Peterson seemed to quiver between him and Norma in great red letters. Norma kept ampoules of epinephrine and a hypodermic always by her bedside. Proud of her knowledge, she had told Doctor Peterson that, if she felt a new attack coming on, she would administer the injection herself. A double dose of epinephrine would certainly kill even the indestructible Norma.

Who could be suspicious if his wife, alone in the room, had tried to counter an attack and had inadvertently overdosed herself? This was using drugs, but it was using them with a difference—creatively.

His fine eyes bright with self-approval, Harry Lund filled the hypodermic from two ampoules. Norma was in a half coma. She seemed barely conscious of what was happening as he administered the injection.

Scrupulously Harry Lund wiped his fingerprints from the two empty ampoules and from the syringe. Holding the ampoules in his handkerchief, he brought them in contact with the limp fingertips of Norma's left hand and then let them fall to the floor. With the handkerchief, too, he squeezed the syringe into Norma's right hand and left it where it dropped on the tumbled bedclothes.

Get out quickly. That was all he had to do, just in case there might be some question about the time of death. Hurry over to Ella's house for an innocent chat about the book Norma wanted.

When he shut the bedroom door, he seemed to be shutting a door forever on his misunderstood past.

HARRY had a pleasant talk with Ella, extended through a cup of coffee and a piece of homemade cake. He knew Norma's sister had never liked him, but that day he was so charming that he could see her visibly thaw.

With the book under his arm, he started back to the drugstore. He had given the epinephrine plenty of time. During the next few days he would need to do some clever acting, but Harry Lund was not worried. His exhibition with Ella had been flawless. He had always known that, if he had wanted to, he could have made a great success on the stage.

Already, as he climbed the drab stairs to the apartment, he had instinctively arranged his face for its necessary expression—the expression of a husband overwhelmed by the discovery of his wife's lifeless body. He was so preoccupied rehearsing the phrases he would use over the phone to Doctor Peterson that he had opened the door and stepped into the bedroom before he was conscious of anything unusual.

Then, as he looked across at the bed, all traces of reality seemed to be sucked out of the world. Because Frances was there. He saw her standing, young, silent, very stiff, at the foot of the bed. She was watching Norma who lay prostrate under the huddle of bedclothes.

As he entered, Frances turned and looked at him. The look was one of unspeakable horror and disgust. He shook himself, staring stupidly. This was in his mind, some vile, cruel trick played by a treacherous imagination.

"Welcome home." Norma's voice sounded from the bed, cracked and weak but with a ghost of its sarcasm. "Your girl friend just arrived. You poor fool, Harry Lund. Thought I didn't know about her, didn't you? I've known for weeks. A friend of Ella's saw you together in a restaurant. It was easy enough to find out her name, where she lived."

The words fell on him like hammer blows. But it was the horror of Norma's being alive which completed his demoralization. He had pumped enough epinephrine into her to kill anybody. Could nothing kill her? His knees were like water. He tried to grope for some pattern—anything to remove this feeling of helplessness.

Norma's black eyes were watching him sardonically. "I telephoned this poor girl because I thought I should explain. She's not to blame, of course. Used an assumed name, didn't you? Told her you were a widower." A dreadful travesty of the hoarse laugh came. "Guess you thought you were—almost."

She shifted her gaze to the white, rigid Frances. "Three times he tried. First he fixed the brakes of the car. Then he set fire to the house. And now—the epinephrine. He put in a lot of work to get you. You should feel flattered."

Harry Lund swung to Frances. Without any control, words spilled out. "Frances, listen to me. Please listen. It isn't true. I didn't . . ."

The icy contempt in her eyes checked him. There was a moment of silence, awful to Harry Lund as a bomb explosion. Frances turned and walked to the telephone.

Her voice seemed to surge up through the silence. "The police. Get me the police." And then, "Come quickly. There's been an attempted murder at . . ."

Despair brought Harry Lund absolute clarity. He saw, in all its truth, how pitifully bungled had been his great design. He had lost his car, his house, and now he had lost his girl. The police inevitably would trace the damning connection between the three "accidents". Norma was there as living testimony against him and, with tormenting irony, Frances would be her witness.

His predicament was without remedy. Somehow, its enormity destroyed in him the worm of fear. His plan had been a magnificent failure. Perhaps that was what his destiny had always been—a magnificent failure. Hadn't all the outstanding figures of tragedy been over-

whelmed in the closing scene?

The actor in him rose to its greatest moment. Frances would see him, at least once, as he really was. He felt exalted, high above the pettiness of Harry Lund, druggist. His hand moved to his pocket and closed around the cyanide capsule.

He walked nonchalantly to the bathroom, entered it, and locked the door.

NORMA LUND bustled cheerfully around the drugstore, which was now entirely her own. Although she had been bored with her husband for years, some vestige of pity for him still remained. But Norma was a sensible woman with little sympathy for a fool. And that had been Harry's trouble. He had always been a fool.

True, she'd had her own moments of folly. She had only realized that her husband had fixed the brakes a few seconds before the car had toppled over the ravine. Her foolishness had almost cost her her life then. But once she knew he had tried to kill her and would almost certainly try again, she had made no mistake.

She had rather enjoyed lying in bed, bullying him and keeping him from seeing that girl. It served him right. Later, when she had tasted the sleeping draught in the hot milk, it had been simple to take amphetamine as an antidote in the bathroom. While she pretended sleep, she had watched and almost admired Harry's device of the candle and the saturated moss. She had felt a certain pleasure in seeing his house burn, too. She had never liked it anyway.

Perhaps she should have gone to the police then. It had been a risk, she supposed, to carry on the farce any longer. But, because Harry was a fool, it had not been a dangerous one. The first sham heart attack, artificially induced by digitalis, had fooled even Doctor Peterson. The second attack, which had been sheer acting, coupled with the planted props of the hypodermic and the epinephrine ampoules filled with sterile water, had seemed to her too obvious a trap even for Harry. But he had lumbered into it like an ox and provided enough evidence to convict him a dozen times over.

Mrs. Grant came into the store for a toothbrush and a bottle of mouthwash. She greeted Norma warmly. Since Harry's suicide, everyone had been particularly kind.

While she reached for the mouthwash, Norma was wondering whether Harry would have killed himself if Frances had not been present during those final moments of his humiliation. Perhaps, by introducing Frances, she had turned, in a way, from murderess to murderer.

But it was foolish to speculate. Things had gone well for her.

Mrs. Grant was saying, "It's really wonderful the way you manage to run this place all by yourself."

"I do my best." Norma Lund briskly wrapped up the mouthwash. "But sometimes it's hard for a woman on her own . . ."



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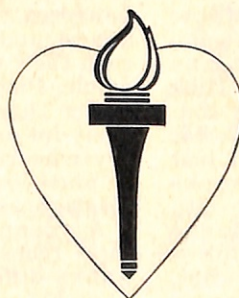
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Once Over Lightly

(Continued from page 16)

ber shop that is really a "clip joint", the kind of shop that caters to, and abuses, the transient trade. These seedy shops, fortunately few in number, usually are located near railroad stations and bus terminals and take the customer for a ride as often as possible. In these clip joints the barber who cannot run up the customer's check to an astronomical figure won't last long. So the customer gets it literally in the neck. An unscrupulous barber will place a bit of dirt on a tweezer; mess around with the customer's scalp and then suddenly show him the loaded tweezer, whispering in an ominous tone, "Look at that. Why, you'll be bald in a month if you don't act fast. Now we have a special treatment that costs only a buck fifty . . ."

Another way of clipping the customer is to take a dirty towel, brush it quickly over the victim's hair and, sticking it under his chin, say, in a you-ought-to-be-ashamed tone, "Looks like somebody needs a shampoo." Often the bullied customer blushes and gives in.

A triter trick is to get halfway through the haircut and then ask the customer if he wants a shampoo. If he doesn't, the rest of the haircut will be quick—and bad.

In these "clip joints" the barber's tongue is often much smoother than his razor and the poor customer comes out on the dirty end of the plot; but now and then the worm turns, as it did in this story:

The complaints of several clipped customers recently put the finger on a clip joint near a railroad station in a large Eastern city. So into the suspect shop strolled a policeman disguised in an ill-fitting suit and carrying a valise—Harry the Hick fresh from the farm. Through conversational questions the barber learned that the policeman had just arrived from Niles, Ohio, and that he didn't know much about big city ways, no sir. It looked easy. As the barber finished his snipping he drew an instrument from his pocket, pressed it against the policeman's scalp, wiped the spot with a towel and clucked his tongue in sympathy. He repeated the operation on another part of the scalp and again cluck-clucked. The policeman, of course, asked him what was the matter.

"I'm afraid there's something wrong with your scalp, sir," said the barber, showing him the towel on which lay two small black specks.

After some discussion about this strange affliction which the policeman said was unheard of back in Niles, Ohio, the barber offered to treat him. Whereupon the cop dropped his disguise and arrested the barber for invading territory staked out by physicians. The specks turned out to be nothing more than bits of soap pressed into an insidious shape by a squeezer.

Toward the end of the customer's stay in the chair, when the back of the bean is beginning to feel cool from the lost fur, some barbers put on the mirror act. This consists of elaborate motions during which the customer is shown extremely disconcerting views of his noggin which are better left to those people on whom he wishes to turn his back. The best thing for the customer who wishes to avoid these startling sights is to close his eyes and say, "Fine, just right."

In the small town where I live there is a three-chair shop which boasts a long mirror, one washstand for shampoos and three pieces of wicker furniture. Pietro, the local hair carver, paid \$170 apiece for his chairs, \$150 for the mirror, \$35 for a washstand and \$25 for an electric clipper which he loves to use. His father-in-law gave him the revolving barberpole which he winds up by hand for a 14-hour run. Otherwise Pietro says it would have set him back 75 bucks. According to Pietro, the red, white and blue of the barberpole is explained this way:

"The white is for the soap barbers lather with,
The red is for the blood from the razor's slip
The blue is for the barbers not given a tip."

IN THE summertime Pietro does a lively business. Winters are slow and Pietro passes the idle hours tapping out movie scenarios that feature Italian opera singers who inevitably fall in love with American heiresses, though the singers are honest and talented and anxious to earn their way in the world. On the whole, Pietro's scenarios are a little better than his haircuts and, moreover, he sells his scenarios. Pietro never heard of Barberitis and thinks it must be something mental, like seasickness. Maybe it is.

A young man came into Pietro's shop recently and said, "Pietro, I wanna different kinda haircut."

"O.K." said Pietro. "What kinda haircut you wanna get?"

"Well," the young man blushed, "my girl friend told me she'd like to see me with a pineapple haircut."

"A pineapple haircut," cried Pietro. "I never seen one. But if you know what a pineapple how she looks and if you wanna that your hair should look like a pineapple—O.K.!"

The young man crumpled under this blast and took an ordinary haircut. Pietro doesn't know what the girl friend said and doesn't really care. Pietro believes the barbershop is the last stronghold of the American male, though on occasion he has cut women's hair. "Small tip, too fussy," says Pietro of female customers. "Let them go to women barbers."

The women barbers to whom Pietro referred are small in number

in the United States. Of them Pietro says with one fat finger on his nose, "They give good shaves."

Styles in men's haircuts, like styles in men's clothes, change slowly. It is now more fashionable to part the hair on the side rather than straight down the middle, a style which was considered snazzy in the F. Scott Fitzgerald era. This change may be due in part (the pun was not intended) to the former influence of the Duke of Windsor, according to several master barbers.

When this writer was old enough to climb into the barber chair and ask for a haircut my father sent me to his barber shop where the customers were ushered to the chairs by a suave Svengali with striped pants and cutaway. But the barber never took the care with my locks that he did with my father's. I had always suspected my father of being the barber's delight and soon found out by subtle cross-examination that above and beyond the ordinary haircut, which always left him with the sniffles, he went in for olive oil rubs, shampoos and fancy facials besides giving his barber occasional seats to the opera. In fact, my father's defenselessness in the barber chair dated back to the old Chicago World's Fair when he wandered into the barbershop of the famous Palmer House and let the barber try all his tricks, piling up a check that kept my father away from the Fair for twenty-four hours.

Some men's hair grows so fast that, in a devil-may-care mood, they may be tempted to have it close-cropped. Then the scissors and clippers run amuck, with the barber entering the game enthusiastically. When the whistle blows, the victim looks like a major in a goose-stepping regiment with the hair standing straight up on tip-toes, defiant and untamable.

On the other side of the fence from the Prussian or crew haircut is the delicate trimming ordered by those graceful Sybarites who emerge from a swim resembling half drowned sheepdogs.

If you want a good middle-of-the-road haircut, take this advice from a master barber: "The minute you get into the chair tell the barber you want the clippers only on the base of the neck. This will spare you the axe crack later. Tell the barber not to use the clippers on the sides. Even with the scissors the hair should not be cut too short here or it will stick out like bristles on a brush. The sideburns should be even to the eye and if your ears are large, the line around the ear should not be high. Where the hair is thin it should of course be cut carefully. Have the barber take enough off the top so that stray hairs will not hang down over the sides. And if you find a barber who satisfies you, stick to him."

Elk Newsletter

(Continued from page 20)

the same period of 1941. Thus, while department-store cash sales rose by 150 per cent from 1941, the expansion in charge account sales amounted to 90 per cent.

★ **Personal income continues to rise.** The average level of personal income during the first three quarters of last year was at an annual rate of \$194.5 billion, compared with the full-year total of \$177.2 billion in 1946. Between August and September alone, the annual rate increased by \$4 billion, without including the additional \$11.5 billion gain derived in September from the cashing of terminal leave bonds.

★ **Students of our social scene** may be able to make something out of the fact that jewelry sales, whether for cash or for credit, are still lagging. Despite a seven per cent increase in the last reported period, they remained below the same period a year ago.

★ **It now appears** that one great postwar market is pretty well worked out. The production of radios has been drifting steadily downward since the fourth quarter of 1946, according to government reports. This has been due largely to sagging shipments of table models, which are now almost two-fifths below the peak rate. However, reports show that the average monthly output of console models has been more than 15 per cent higher than the average for the final quarter of the previous year, while the number of television receivers manufactured increased from a monthly average of 3,000 in the fourth quarter of 1946 to an average of almost 20,000 in the third quarter of last year.

★ **Congressional leaders** weighing rumors of gasoline rationing proposals and hearing reports of fuel oil shortages in the north, are eying the export quotas for petroleum products in the final quarter of 1947. Permission to move some 12,000,000 barrels of petroleum products out of the country was granted during that period.

★ **What do we eat** when we eat less meat? The answer seems to be: more fruits and vegetables. Latest government reports show ten per cent increases for all types of food establishments after seasonal adjustments, with dealers in fresh fruits and vegetables experiencing the greatest relative gains.

★ **The rest of the globe** may have varying opinions regarding American movies, but there is no question regarding their opinion of our movie-making equipment. Export sales of motion picture film and equipment in 1947 ran nearly 45 per cent above sales for the previous year.

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The Green Light for Industry

(Continued from page 5)

It can be done only if people know the truth—the truth that such incomes are the source of the investment that makes goods, that makes jobs, that raises standards of living. Tax reform is not self-starting and automatic. The only thermostat is informed public opinion.

The public must be shown that our present tax laws come nowhere near allowing for the vast amount of capital formation that will be needed from here on to keep the nation growing and prospering. The present tax laws must be intelligently revised if we are to maintain full production and a high percentage of continuous employment and if the people are to enjoy a steadily higher standard of living.

With an increasingly higher standard of living, communism won't have the ghost of a chance. Communism feeds on frustration, on hopelessness, on dearth of opportunity. But today, if industry is given the green light for a change, it can offer the greatest opportunities in its history.

Services are needed. Goods are needed. Labor is needed. New ideas, new processes, new inventions await development. Electronics; television; new fabrics; new ways of com-

batting rust and insect pests; extremes of temperature; wear and tear—these are just a handful of the things easily within our grasp—if we are willing to work, together.

For this reason, we—and that includes every one of you who may be reading this article—must fight the deliberate cultivation of strife and suspicion between labor and management. The constant portrayal of workers and business leaders as eternal enemies is one of the most dangerous of all smoke screens behind which the very foundations of this country are being attacked.

Management (the propaganda of the leftist organizations notwithstanding) is not fighting labor or labor unions. The interests of labor and management are indivisible. If one suffers or fails, the other does, too.

No one has realized more than the employer-members of the National Association of Manufacturers that men aren't machines. Even in its early days, the NAM was urging and sponsoring workmen's compensation laws. It put its full weight behind state legislation to wipe out the blight of child labor in factories. It was the leader in the establishment

of pensions for retired employees, group health insurance, life insurance, job upgrading, safer and more pleasant working conditions so that harmony and productivity might result.

And what, today, besides harmony and productivity in the United States stands between starvation or privation for a large part of the world? What else stands between us and the ultimate surrender of our way of life to a return to the dismal outlook of the Dark Ages?

By telling the truth about industry, the truth that while the slave states have promised the good things of life, free economy has delivered them; by telling this truth simply and honestly and repeatedly, the growing tide of public opinion can be stemmed, false rumors can be squelched, distortions corrected.

With greater public awareness and with greater production, enterprise can get out from behind the eight-ball where it has been placed by slander and misinformation. With unity and faith and understanding once again established, industry can do much to help America build a future—a future that will embarrass its past.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 13)

A VIEW OF THE HARBOUR by Elizabeth Taylor

Bertram is a retired naval officer. He is such a nice man that he is always hurting people by promising to give more of himself than he can deliver. How he is made to stick by the rashest of all his promises is one of many fine ironic touches in Mrs. Taylor's excellent novel.

This tale of a number of lives in a quiet seaside resort not far from London is told with such good humor and so little pretension that you are startled to realize what a wide range of emotion and experience is covered. Nothing at all sensational happens. A number of people are forced to make the compromise that everyone must make between opposing desires. Bertram wants to be kind and yet wants to be left alone. The pretty divorcee who has a small son in boarding school ("Dear Mother, If you come to the school concert it would be best not to wear that hat with the red currants.") discovers that she is in love with her dearest friend's husband. She cannot bear to give him up and she cannot bear to hurt Beth. And the innocent Beth, a novelist who might have been great had she not also wanted to be a wife and mother, cherishes her husband and children, though they sometimes seem less absorbing to her than the characters she invents.

Mrs. Taylor writes with so much grace and wit that she can put down

the most naked truths without embarrassing the reader. And she knows how to tell a story. (*Alfred Knopf, \$3.00*)

FRIDAY AT NOON by Benedict Thielen

Poor Mom has been taking an awful beating. Whistler's Mother, as somebody said, is beginning to take the place of Jack the Ripper in our new folklore.

Here is the story of a wealthy family in which Mother, a beautiful and delicate lady, is the villain—and there's not a good word to be said for her. She cramped everybody's style from the cradle, and father's from the moment she got him.

The novel is built around an auction where the household effects of the family are being sold. As each object—a clock, a rug—goes under the hammer, the grownup sons and daughters relive the scenes of their youth and childhood in which these objects played a part. Around the furniture and bric-a-brac there is pieced together the complex story of a family dominated by a subtle tyrant. You see the reverse side of a picture that to outsiders looked pleasing—and the never-discussed tragedies of a family that on the surface seemed to have everything that would insure happiness. It is a well-made story with a nice feeling for plush atmosphere. (*Henry Holt, \$3.00*)

BACK HOME by Bill Mauldin

Cartoonist Bill Mauldin, creator of those footsore war heroes, Willie and Joe, looks about fifteen years old. His looks are misleading. Mauldin is actually an elderly gentleman of twenty-five. He says himself that his new book, *Back Home*, is a sort of farewell to his pugnacious youth. But I think that's a joke, son. When you read *Back Home* you will know that Mauldin is not a character who is in line for fossilization of the mind.

In his last best-seller, *Up Front*, Bill Mauldin got some stuff off his chest about the army, the good and bad of it. In *Back Home* he does an equivalent job on the peacetime America that the veterans came home to after five years in service. In 315 pages, including some 200 cartoons, he makes good use of the target practice Uncle Sam gave him by taking some pot shots at such objects as the Housing Situation, the Loopy Lefties and the Rabid Righties, How to Get a New Car With Accessories, War Marriages, Politics, etc. He tells about his experiences in drawing cartoons for a syndicate and makes an interesting comparison between censorship in army and civilian life.

You won't always agree with what Bill Mauldin has to say, but the odds are that you will always enjoy the cocky and, at the same time, diffident way in which he says it. (*William Sloane Associates, \$3.50*)

Gadget and Gimmick Department

(Continued from page 19)

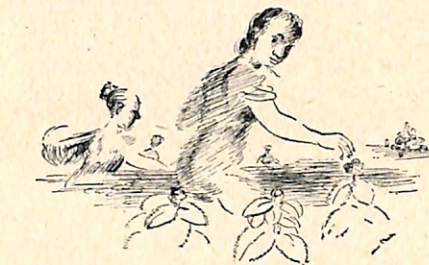
IN THIS modern age there is no reason why you need leave your bar behind you when you travel. Now, if you find yourself in a barless spot, heaven forbid, you can whip out this neat case, flip it open and there is a small bar ready for instant use. Clipped firmly in position are two quart bottles and two pint bottles. Also in the interior of the case are four tumblers, jiggers and coasters; a cocktail shaker, stirrer and ice tongs; four stirring spoons and forks. The flipped-down front becomes a service bar. When closed the case is the size of a portable typewriter and can be carried by its sturdy leather handles. For the stranded tourist, camper or thoughtless person who wanders into a dry area there is nothing better to have on hand.



when they get lost. I don't think small children would like it though. Better drop that idea.



HERE is something for the true Westerner or for the western-minded Easterner. It is a gadget to put your own brand on your drinks. Whether it is a Martini or a Manhattan you're mixing, you can give it a personalized stir with this sterling silver, hand-made cocktail mixer which is shaped like a branding iron. Where the brand should be you'll find your own initials. It has been suggested that by heating this mixer and branding your small children you could have them easily identifiable



THE proper cigarettes for guests is always a problem. It is particularly a problem when some character you know insists he can tell the difference between brands and that any but his own brand makes him cross and ill. To keep everyone in line here is a gold-tooled leather case with the names of five popular brands set in plastic covers over each compartment. If you have some weird friends who smoke a weird brand of cigarette little known to the public, you can have the usual covers replaced by the ones you desire. W.C.B.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 9)

bass, they do have razor-like gill plates which will cut a line immediately.

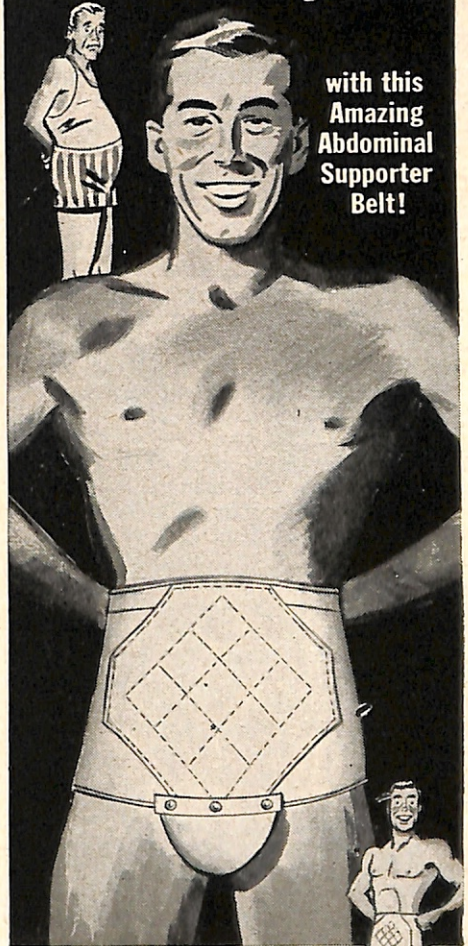
These fish will average around six or eight pounds apiece, although many larger ones are hooked. When a fisherman lands one over fifteen pounds on light tackle, he's getting good. I have seen Roy Whayne and my father, Ray Holland, who are past masters at the business, both land snook over twenty-two pounds on a ten-pound-test line. That's the tops in performance.

Along toward Spring, in April and May, snook begin to congregate in schools and cruise north along the beaches. This affords fine fishing. The beach water is clear and the fish are shy as a result. Success requires almost the care and precision of

trout fishing. The snook can be seen coming up along the beach, and if the plug is given the proper lead and twitched gently at the right moment, old Mr. Snook will bust it wide open and the fireworks will begin. Large fish, over twenty pounds, are seen and hooked and occasionally landed along the beach.

Not much need be said of tarpon. This mighty and spectacular fish is known the world around and is generally accepted as the greatest game fish of them all. Tarpon inhabit the same water as snook, but are more temperamental. When they are striking, the same bass plugs as used on snook are perfect lures. Small tarpon, the tiny acrobatic fly-rod size and the plug size up to twenty pounds, are in the canals and ditches

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all winter, and occasionally a big one is met in January and February. As a rule, however, the big tarpon from 50 to 150 pounds won't show up in numbers until Spring.

A BIG tarpon can be a frightening thing. There's no thrill quite like it. There you are peacefully floating along a narrow creek, casting as you would for three- and four-pound bass. The water is dish calm and it's drowsy under the tropical sun. Your attention is centered on the myriad jungle noises—the raucous cry of birds, or maybe the distant boom of a bull alligator. Suddenly something the size of a horse rises alongside your skiff, wallows all over your tiny plug, comes six or eight feet out of water and shakes himself like a wet dog. Before you know it, it's all over, and you sit gathering your wits, wondering what hit you.

Gregory Lopez, the best of the old Everglades guides, tells of taking a couple of bass fishermen on their first trip down in the Islands. Gregory said, "These plug fishermen had never caught a tarpon and didn't want to nowadays. They were happy with little fish. I kept asking 'em if they wanted to catch one. 'Can you eat them?' was all they would ask, and when I'd say 'No,' they weren't interested. One day we were passing a spot where I knew there were two or three big ones, and I figured I'd have a little fun. I guess I shouldn't have done it, but I put 'em right on top of these giants and told them to cast where the current swirled around a point of mangroves. One fellow wound up and cast, unsuspecting like, and just as his plug touched the water, a tarpon with a head like a barr'l took a pass at it. You coulda knocked this fellow's eyes off with a stick when he saw that fish. He yelled at his partner to hold his cast, then started reeling like mad for the boat. Just before he could lift the plug from the water, a 200-pounder got it, came out like a geyser, broke the line and went about his business. Well, you know, this fellow just threw his rod in the bottom of the skiff and said, threatening like, 'Get out of here! Get out of here 'fore we all get killed!' Both of 'em was shaking like they'd tangled with a she-bear. Guess they never have forgiven me."

A fellow could get hurt fooling with tarpon, all right. If one should land in your boat and slap you alongside the head with his powerful tail, you'd concede the fight. But tarpon and snook are the only ones sufficiently brazen to fight it out in the boat with the fisherman. The others are less acrobatic.

Redfish, or just plain red, is the Florida name for the channel bass. He's the endurance king of them all, as powerful a fighter as a person will tangle with. He's also delicious eating, as is the snook, and both are better when skinned and fileted. By the way, when you order red snapper from the bill-of-fare, the chances are

nine out of ten that it is snook, although the snook actually has no kinship whatsoever to the true red snapper.

The redfish is a mighty fine game fish on all counts except one—he doesn't jump. This is not an infallible rule because I once had a ten-pound red make a pretty jump, but I believe he just got his directions mixed and swam out of water at top speed. Reds will take plugs, flies, feathers and spoons. They are generally found in the deeper holes in the rivers and canals and will strike an underwater lure better than a surface plug or bug. They will run from one to fifteen pounds, although much bigger ones are often taken.

THE jack crevalle can be a nuisance. He's so fast he'll beat other fish to your lure, then you can't get him off and you can't land him. He's a demon, grunting and pulling until your arm aches. He's the only fish I know that cusses the fisherman all the while he's fighting. When he's finally worn down he's a nuisance to get off the hook, because, unlike snook, tarpon and reds, the jack has teeth, and sharp ones. The best way to keep him from wiggling and possibly gouging you with his teeth is to hold him firmly with thumb and forefinger over the gill plates. Any fish stops struggling when held in this manner.

Always carry pliers when fooling with any of these powerful salt-water fish of southern Florida. It's the only guarantee against getting cut or having a hook thrust in a finger when releasing fish.

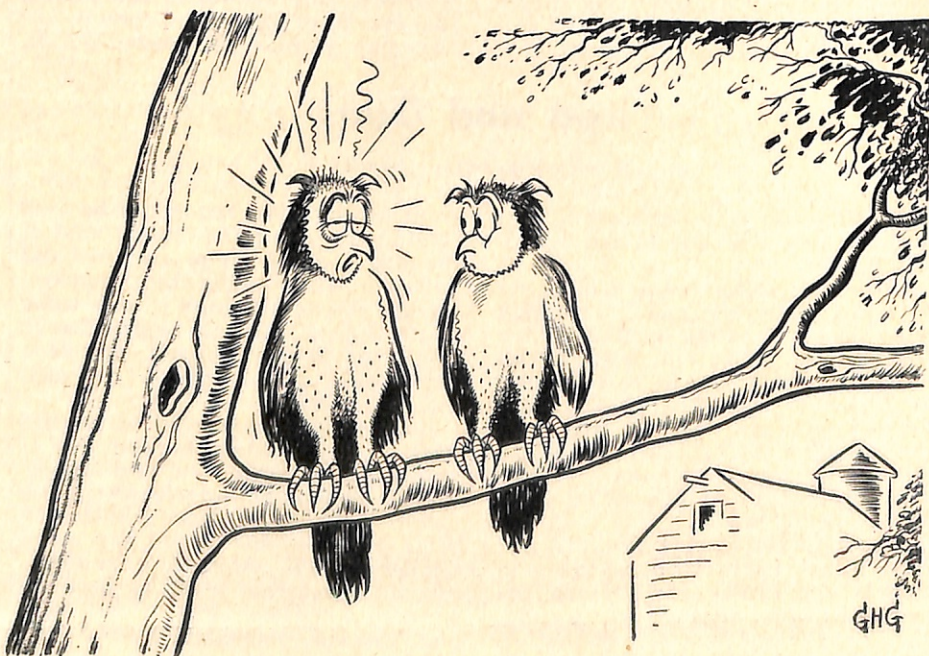
Jacks are not much good to eat, and neither are ladyfish, but they are fun to catch. The ladyfish is no lady, believe me. The bonefish down on the Florida keys has the reputation of being the speediest of all fish, but it has nothing on the ladyfish, and

this long, slim racer can jump higher for his size than even a tarpon. In fact, if ladyfish grew up, a tarpon wouldn't be in it, but fortunately they don't often come larger than six pounds. That's too big.

The sea trout doesn't get as far up into brackish water as the others. He's more often met in the bays and along the beaches, but like the others he'll hit a plug or feather and fight well. He is a pretty fish, a little more delicate than the others, and delicious eating.

And this is only the beginning. The tropical sun and shallow waters of the region produce untold quantities of fish, many of which are ideal on fresh-water fishing tackle. There are the various snappers, the black drum, the sheepshead, the mackerels and the pompano. It's a fisherman's grab bag. There's no telling what will hit your plug next. For instance, there's the strange looking gaff tops'l catfish which will hit a plug and fight remarkably well. And even some of the sharks will strike an artificial lure and jump when hooked. There's no guessing what a person will hook next.

THE Everglades and Ten Thousand Islands of southern Florida, much of which is to be contained within the new Everglades National Park, is truly a plug fisherman's paradise. I know; I've been there. It will drive a fresh-water bass fisherman out of his mind. And, of course, there are bass there, too—Florida bigmouths. Black bass are occasionally caught in the same water with snook and tarpon, but, honestly—and this comes from an old bass fisherman—a bass doesn't belong in the same water with these tropical fish. If a bass and a snook were tied tail to tail, the snook would scale him on the first run and not know he was being followed.



"I just had a horrible daymare!"

News of the Order



Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett and Mrs. Barrett sign the papers creating the Barrett Foundation and conveying thereof almost a million dollars. The property involved includes some of the most valuable real estate holdings in Alexandria, Va., and St. Petersburg, Fla. Five Trustees will direct the Foundation and distribute the annual income of approximately \$30,000 annually to selected institutions for various charitable and educational projects. At the end of 30 years, the Foundation will be dissolved and the principal divided between the National Florence Crittenton Mission and the Elks National Foundation.

**ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS
NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION**

NEWS OF THE STATE ASSOCIATIONS

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

EDITORIAL

ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION
HOSPITAL #5175
BUTLER, PENNSYLVANIA

October 1, 1947

Mr. H. J. Myers
616 Franklin St.
Ellwood City, Pa.

Dear Mr. Myers:

The Variety Show which was produced last evening under the sponsorship of the Western Pennsylvania Elks Association measured up to the high standards set by your group in all previous performances. On behalf of the patients it is my privilege to express to you and the entire membership of the Elks sincere appreciation for this latest kindness.

I feel we would be remiss in not mentioning the milestone which was passed last evening. It was just a year ago your group came to entertain patients hospitalized under Veterans Administration. This marked a new line of service since the need for your continued efforts for active service personnel ceased with the transfer of this installation to Veterans Administration by the Surgeon General's office.

The faithfulness of the Elks in presenting a top flight program each month for the past year is an outstanding achievement and has meant much to us in assisting in the care of patients. I wish I could personally express to each one of you the gratitude of patients. Since this is not possible, I hope you will make our feelings known to your membership. If the individual Elks could hear the favorable comments, see the evident joy the patients receive from the programs, I am sure they would feel a warm glow of personal satisfaction for the kindness and generosity which is so concretely evidenced by these evenings of entertainment.

It has been a real joy to work with you on this program and I am indebted to you for complete cooperation and understanding.

With kindest personal regards to you and your membership, I am,

Sincerely yours,



F. X. KEATING
Chief, Special Services



1. ILLINOIS

1
Veterans and other patients at the Jacksonville State Hospital enjoy a vaudeville show put on by Jacksonville and Springfield, Ill., Lodges, through whose efforts several talented acts were secured from St. Louis, with the assistance of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission.

2
Convalescent servicemen watch a ball game sponsored by Dallas, Tex., Lodge and the American Legion from a specially constructed dugout.

3
Providence, R. I., Lodge's \$1,000 check is presented to D.D. H. Edgar Walton by E.R. Charles C. Carroll, right. It was turned over to the Elks National Veterans Service Commission for the purchase of Christmas gifts for servicemen confined to VA hospitals all over the country. Looking on are Est. Lead. Knight Clifton W. Higham, left, Treas. William F. McTernan, center, and Est. Loyal Knight Raymond J. No'tage.

4
Patients of the Army and Navy General Hospital are photographed as they learn radio repairing. Much of this equipment was donated by the Veterans Service Commission through Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge.

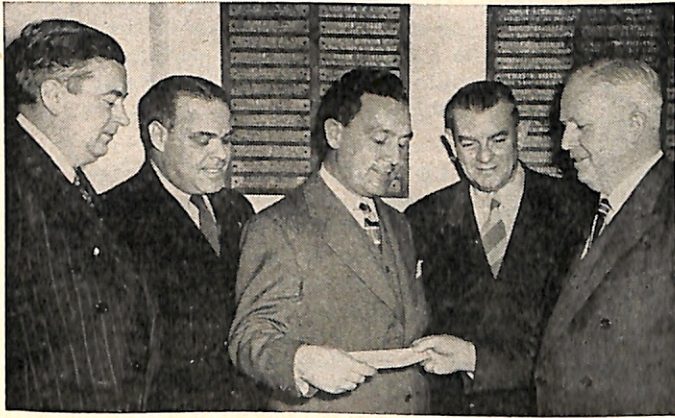
5
Secy. Henry L. Tilley, E.R. L. S. Petersen and P.E.R. F. O. Sherrill of Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge, look over part of the collection of articles collected for the Veterans Service Commission of the California State Elks Assn. by members of their lodge.

6
Patients at Madigan General Hospital watch the Circus put on for them under the auspices of the Elks of the State of Washington.

7
Here are those men who attended the banquet held by Nutley, N.J., Lodge in honor of returned servicemen.



2. DALLAS, TEX.



3. PROVIDENCE, R. I.



4. HOT SPRINGS, ARK.



5. SANTA MARIA, CALIF.



6. WASHINGTON STATE



7. NUTLEY, N. J.

News of the SUBORDINATE LODGES

NEW ENGLAND LODGES, to no one's surprise, have managed to give a great deal of help to the fire-ravaged sections of Maine and New Hampshire. Quick to see the need of financial aid, the Grand Lodge was the first organization, besides the Red Cross, to forward funds for the subordinate lodges' program. The four Maine lodges in the disaster area, whose members worked side by side with fire-fighters during the battle, provided funds totaling \$5,500, plus an additional Grand Lodge appropriation of \$2,500. Thousands of meals and tons of clothing were furnished through the Elks whose wives opened their homes to evacuees.

In Maine, Sanford Lodge found itself with the greatest burden; its home was opened to the unfortunate victims, who were provided with food and clothing, while National Guardsmen and fire-fighting volunteers were fed and, whenever necessary, supplied with clothing. It turned over its \$3,000 charity fund and added \$1,000 from the disaster fund set up by the Grand Lodge for the two States. Biddeford-Saco Lodge immediately went into action and set up a \$1,000 fund, added to the Grand Lodge \$500 donation, and Bangor Lodge arranged to have clothing for small children sent to the Bar Harbor Area, taking \$500 from its Christmas Fund to match the Grand Lodge's \$500 gift. Portland Lodge not only responded to calls for clothing but sent committees to aid Sanford and Biddeford Lodges in every way, voting a special \$1,000 fund to which the Grand Lodge added \$500.

Over in New Hampshire, Rochester Lodge did much for the several hundred who were made homeless. Other lodges in the State raised \$1,000 and the Grand Lodge donated \$500 for the working fund there.

Everything is now under control, with organizations speeding rehabilitation work, but there are many long, hard months ahead for several hundred fire sufferers in Maine.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Lodge, No. 72, initiated 34 new members in honor of D.D. Edward W. McCabe who paid his official visit to his home lodge on Oct. 17th. At this meeting, attended by Special Deputy and Representative of the Elks Veterans Service Commission Floyd Brown, No. 72 gave Mr. McCabe a handsome leather traveling bag in recognition of his untiring efforts in the interests of Elksdom and his second consecutive year as District Deputy.

WARRENSBURG, MO., Lodge, No. 673, honored one of the Order's dignitaries some weeks ago when P.D.D. H. H. Russell, a Warrensburg Elk who was elected to the office of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight at the Grand Lodge Convention in July, was tendered a reception and dinner.

About 300 guests were on hand, including members of Mr. Russell's family and the chair officers. Secy. John E. Mills of Warrensburg Lodge introduced the guests. Among the many local and out-of-town Elks present were District Deputies C. A. Harrell and John M. Cosgrove, State Association Pres. John C. Dumont, State Association Treas. M. F. Thurston, Past State Presidents H. R. Garrison, E. J. Martt and Joseph Miniace, and James C. Kirkpatrick.

LAKE WORTH, FLA., Lodge, No. 1530, has created a scholarship fund which will be known as the Lake Worth Elks' Citizenship Award. The initial amount has been set at \$300, to be divided equally among the high schools within the jurisdiction of the lodge. The award is to become an annual event and it is hoped that some day the total will be raised to an amount commensurate with the type of studies required for qualification.

The award will go to a graduating senior student selected by the school faculty on the basis of school citizenship. It is to be kept in mind that a potential winner need not be one high in scholastic grades; however, the student shall be one who did well in the study of American history and civics and is an individual who understands and believes sincerely in the principles of our democracy.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., Lodge, No. 788, celebrated its Forty-fifth Anniversary sometime ago with many activities. Members engaged in all sorts of games and matches, and huge crowds attended the various dances and special meetings held in conjunction with the birthday.

Eleven new Elks were initiated and heard a fine address delivered by E.R. J. Kenneth Sanders, in which he stressed the charitable purposes of the Order. The lodge's Fresh Air Fund reached a high of \$2,000, which made it possible for about one hundred local children to enjoy two weeks at camp during the past summer.

PALO ALTO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1471, distributed 200 new red and yellow Junior Traffic Patrol uniforms to young members of the Patrol, organized 15 years ago by Sgt. L. H. Grieb of the Police Dept. Local police officers called at the lodge home for the red sweaters and yellow caps and took them around to the schools where they were accepted by the 75 boys who guard the safety of the other school children.

The uniforms, carrying white lettering denoting the initials of the Patrol in a large, star-shaped design, will also go to patrols in Los Altos, Menlo Park and Redwood City.

LONG BEACH, CALIF., Lodge, No. 888, entertained D.D. Vincent Grocott on his official visit there recently. During his stay he toured the Long Beach U. S. Naval Hospital and was given the pleasure of turning over No. 888's gift of a combination television-radio console to the Hospital. Captain F. C. Hill, executive officer of the institution, accepted the console on which is placed a bronze plaque permanently noting the donor and recipient.

WATERBURY CONN., Lodge, No. 265, has a group of members very fond of lifting its voice in song. Originally called "The Jolly Corks", after the men who first made up the Order, the Waterbury singers have been christened the Elks Glee Club.

The Club took part in a tremendously successful show put on to honor Old Timers and P.E.R.'s, some time ago; this resulted in requests from other lodges to put on the same show on several different occasions. Patients at the U. S. Veterans Hospital at Newington and at the Soldiers' Home at Rocky Hill were also treated to a performance. Wherever the Glee Club went, it was received most enthusiastically. It is now a permanent fixture of No. 265, with many public appearances planned.

TOWSON, MD., Lodge, No. 469, called October 7th District Deputy Night when about 125 members turned out to honor D.D. Richard C. Munson on his official visit there. Opened with an elaborate dinner, prepared and served by the Elks' Ladies, the evening was devoted to a special meeting when a class of seventeen was initiated. Later on Mr. Munson and several Past Exalted Rulers addressed the group.



1. BUTLER, PA.

1

The officers of Butler, Pa., Lodge are pictured with D.D. Verne R. Carr and the class initiated in memory of the late P.E.R. John A. Sherman.

2

Rochester, Minn., Lodge officers are pictured standing with Grand Tiler Emory Hughes behind the seated officers of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge at a recent meeting held in the Mayo Civic Auditorium in Rochester.



2. ROCHESTER, MINN.

3

This scene shows some of the 700 guests enjoying dinner in the patio of Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge's home on Father and Son Night. Later the group was entertained by a magician and heard interesting talks by football coaches of Stanford University.



3. PALO ALTO, CALIF.

4

Officers of Royal Oak, Mich., Lodge are shown with D.D. Edward R. Goldman during his recent visit there when a class of 44 candidates was initiated.



4. ROYAL OAK, MICH.

1

Here are the officers and a group of new members of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge.

2

Here is Seattle, Wash., Lodge's Escort of Honor, one of whose duties is to act as escort to candidates at initiations.

3

New Elks are pictured with the officers of Flint, Mich., Lodge and D.D. E. R. Goldman and P.E.R. Lewis A. Koepfgen.

4

Left to right: E.R. Ben L. Rowekamp, Rev. Father Urban Koehl, Chaplain of St. Mary's Hospital, and P.E.R. D. Fred Frayser, Chairman of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge's Sales Tax Stamp Committee, pictured when a huge donation of tax stamps was turned over to the hospital. The total amount turned over since June, 1940, has been \$185,000, with a cash value to the hospital of \$5,550.

5

When State Assn. Pres. R. Leonard Bush, extreme right, visited Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, E.R. H. D. Stephenson presented a \$1,000 check to William Viner, Pres. of the Inglewood Shrine Club, to be applied to the building fund for a crippled children's hospital being erected in Los Angeles.

6

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge's Girls Swim Class, with instructor Ed Brown.

7

Aberdeen, S.D., Lodge donates a \$4,000 Hubbard hydro-massage bath to St. Luke's Hospital. Left to right: Mayor Ed Gorder; Joe Kelley of the Elks Do-Good Committee; Sister William, Superintendent of the Hospital, E.R. B. McElligott, and Committee Members Dr. E. A. Pittinger and J. Ford Zietlow, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees.

8

Here are some of those who attended the annual picnic given by Duluth, Minn., Lodge for members of the Lighthouse for the Blind.

9

These men attended the dinner held by Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge in honor of District Deputy Warren B. Heaps.

10

The Elks Safety Car, donated for the use of Kittitas County High Schools in Safe-Driving Instruction Classes, is turned over to officials by Ellensburg, Wash., Lodge dignitaries. At left are Stan Thomson, Chairman of the lodge's Safety Car Committee and E.R. Keith Emmons, with school superintendents.

11

Over 400 Elks honored D.D. Roland Tavernetti at Salinas, Calif., Lodge. Left to right are: P.D.D. Horace R. Wisely, D.D. Tavernetti, E.R. John Muller and F. Eugene Dayton, Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight.



1. PHOENIX, ARIZ.



2. SEATTLE, WASH.



3. FLINT, MICH.



4. CINCINNATI, OHIO



5. INGLEWOOD, CALIF.



6. SACRAMENTO, CALIF.



7. ABERDEEN, S. D.



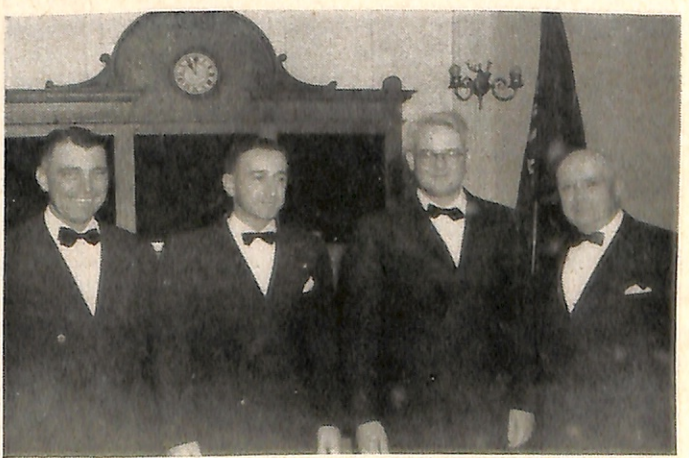
8. DULUTH, MINN.



9. JACKSONVILLE, ILL.



10. ELLENSBURG, WASH.



11. SALINAS, CALIF.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

ELLENSBURG, WASH., Lodge, No. 1102, preceded the opening of the Ellensburg Rodeo with a ceremony of its own when it turned over the Elks Safety Car for the use of Kittitas County high schools in safe-driving instruction classes. E.R. Keith Emmons handed the contract for the car to J. E. Miles, County School Superintendent, while the individual school superintendents looked on. They were Myron Colburn, G. L. Putnam, W. C. Kelly and O. F. Weyermann; another, Victor Karlson, was unable to attend. The \$1,200 four-door Chevrolet is being equipped with dual controls and its use will be apportioned among the five high schools according to enrollment. The schools will assume only the cost of operation.

ROME, N. Y., Lodge, No. 96, as well as the entire Order, has been saddened by the passing of one of its devoted members. James A. Spargo, a force in his community's industrial affairs for more than 60 years, was laid to rest in St. Peter's Cemetery on Nov. 17th, after a solemn requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Peter's Church.

An honorary commissioner of public welfare since his resignation as active commissioner after 15 years, his Elk affiliation was one of the main interests of his career. At the time of his death Mr. Spargo was a Trustee of his lodge which he had headed as Exalted Ruler some years ago. He was active in the affairs of his State Elks Association and served on the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee in 1945-46. A generous man, he donated to Rome Lodge a beautiful set of chimes and conveyed to No. 96 500 acres of his estate in the Adirondacks for the use of the lodge in its activities on behalf of underprivileged children of his city.

Members of many civic and fraternal organizations paid their respects to the memory of this splendid man, and 112 prominent men participated in his funeral as honorary pallbearers. These included Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan and Secretary George I. Hall of the Board of Grand Trustees.

PORTLAND, ME., Lodge, No. 188, became the first lodge in the State to vote the sponsorship of a Boy Scout Troop in response to the Grand Exalted Ruler's appeal for Elk interest in youth organizations to combat juvenile delinquency. This decision was made during the official visit of D.D. Robert E. Brewer to Portland Lodge.

ABERDEEN, WASH., Lodge, No. 593, entertained Emmett T. Anderson, a member of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, who presented to No. 593 and individual members of its Golf Team, the trophies won in the Grand Lodge Four-Man Golf Team Tournament. Mr. Anderson made the award on behalf of the Grand Lodge Convention Golf Committee.

The members of Aberdeen Lodge had the pleasure of seeing its gift of an electrical scoreboard dedicated at Stewart Field before 3,500 people. E.R. T. M. Wake and P.E.R. Theodore Norin turned out with members of the Elks Band and Majorettes to give the equipment to the school system, represented by Student Body Pres. Harley Hoppe.

ANACORTES, WASH., Lodge, No. 1204, has a fine new addition to its home which was dedicated at impressive ceremonies not long ago. A fine turnout of members attended the ceremony to hear Quent Williams, Chairman of the Washington State Elks Association Crippled Kiddies Program, deliver the dedicatory address. Other events on the program were music by the Elks Choral Group, vaudeville and a talk on the history of No. 1204 given by P.E.R. E. A. Clausius. Supper was served at the close of the program. The addition consists of 3,000 square feet of floor space, accommodating a cocktail lounge, dining room, kitchen, storage and heating plant.

SANTA MARIA, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1538, gave overwhelming support to the Calif. State Elks Association's request for material for the veterans' service program. Members bringing in radios, golf clubs, alarm clocks, and other listed items, were granted free admission to the Elks' barbecue recently, and contributions are still coming in. A local member, Tony Cossa, transported the collection to Ontario, headquarters for the district. Hospitalized veterans learn watch-making and other trades, using these materials.

ROCHESTER, MINN., Lodge, No. 1091, conducted one of the largest meetings ever held in the State on Oct. 22nd. Following a banquet the officers of Minneapolis Lodge initiated 35 candidates for the host lodge. Over 500 Minnesota Elks attended the ceremony which took place in the huge Mayo Civic Auditorium. Among those present were Grand Tiler Emory Hughes, State Assn. Pres. Dr. L. C. Brusletten, and other State officials.

DOVER, N. J., Lodge, No. 782, added \$1,000 to its charity fund through a football contest attended by 2,500 persons. The success of the event was attributed to the energetic efforts of the Dover Elks and an attention-compelling display in a store window, featuring a painting of a crippled boy and devices such as braces, crutches, etc.

For 20 years No. 782 has had an active committee, headed by P.E.R. George R. Flartey, which has cooperated fully in the New Jersey State Elks Association program for the rehabilitation of crippled children. The committee's secretary, Howard J. Cooper, is largely responsible for the success of the recent game.

WELLINGTON, KANS., Lodge, No. 1167, voted to make a donation of \$1,635.10 to St. Luke's Hospital some time ago. The money will be used to furnish laboratory equipment.

Not long ago 270 local Elks and their ladies gathered at the American Legion building for a turkey dinner which was followed by a get-together at the lodge home. The dinner was prepared and served by the Catholic Ladies. The diners spent the remainder of the evening playing bridge and other games.

No. 1167 certainly hasn't forgotten the veterans. Each member contributed \$.25 to the Veterans Service Commission for a Christmas party for convalescent servicemen.

BAYONNE, N. J., Lodge, No. 434, has made sure the city's bowling ball gets rolling by inaugurating the High School Bowling League in the alleys of the lodge home. Frank Vetter, Chairman of the Elks Bowling Committee, rolled the first ball in this event which is the first time in the sport's history that Bayonne's young people have been given an opportunity to take part in organized competition.

Some of the finest bowlers in the country have agreed to donate their services as instructors, and matches will be held twice a week. Although at first the League was confined to boys of the district, No. 434 formed a Girls' League shortly after.

LE MARS, IA., Lodge, No. 428, entertained D.D. Harry L. Michael on Nov. 24th. A class of nine men was initiated on this occasion, three of them members of the same family. They were Gustave Alesch, former State District Representative, and his two grand-nephews, Mark J. and Larry J. Meis.

1

D.D. Robert E. Brewer, center, and officers of Portland, Me., Lodge are pictured during Mr. Brewer's official visit when the lodge voted the sponsorship of a Boy Scout Troop.



1. PORTLAND, ME.

2

On the 35th Anniversary of Fort Myers, Fla., Lodge, several P.E.R.'s were honored, and a dinner, floor show and dance were enjoyed by 400 Elks and guests. Left to right are P.E.R.'s R. V. Lee, J. D. Lynn, E.R. W. Stanley Hanson, Jr., H. T. Derington, Edward Simpson, Carl P. Heuck, Charles A. Powell, Jr., Scott Hough, Fred H. Mellor, Fred M. Loudermilk and E. W. Smith, and Dick Ogden.



2. FORT MYERS, FLA.

3

Former Postmaster General James A. Farley, of Haverstraw, N.Y., Lodge, is pictured at Aidmore, the Crippled Children's Home in Georgia, with two of its little inmates. Mr. Farley was in Atlanta to address the Associated Industries of Georgia.

4

"Native Sons Night" at the home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, honored such dignitaries as Walter Odemar, Grand President of the Native Sons of the Golden West and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, lower left and right, and P.E.R. Edward A. Gibbs and E.R. Wyckoff Westover, upper left and right.



3. GEORGIA ELKS ASSN.



4. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

5

Ossining, N.Y., Lodge combined the visit of D.D. James A. Gunn and State Vice-Pres. E. L. Tinklepaugh with the burning of the mortgage on its home. Twelve P.E.R.'s were in the crowd of 300, with many out-of-town visitors. Front row, left to right: P.E.R.'s Harold J. Cullen, F. J. Mascola, D.D. Gunn, P.E.R.'s LeRoy E. Lewis, and I. C. Hotaling, E.R. J. H. McSorley, and P.E.R.'s Charles J. Nolet, Sr., and M. C. Cook. Back row: P.E.R.'s John F. Schrader, Jr., R. L. Dymes, G. A. Erickson, F. J. Smith and C. H. Slattery, and Mr. Tinklepaugh.



5. OSSINING, N. Y.



1. SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIF.



2. TOLEDO, OHIO



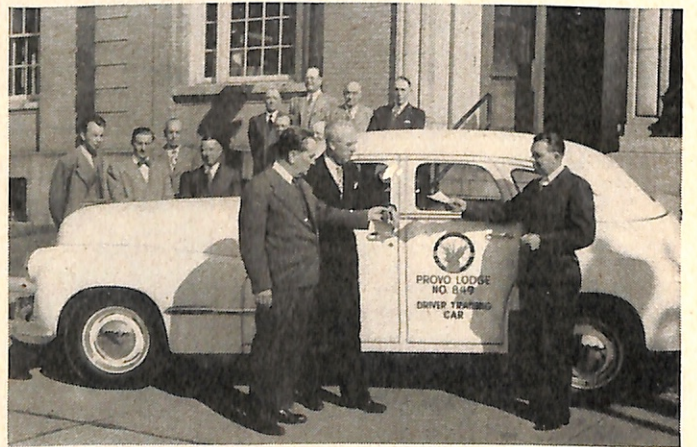
3. PATCHOGUE, N. Y.



4. ONTARIO, ORE.



5. LONG BEACH, CALIF.



6. PROVO, UTAH

1
Softball League winners accept the trophy presented by San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge.

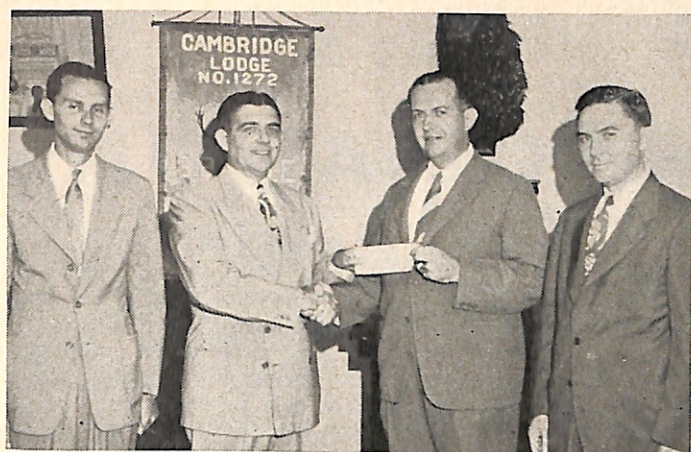
3
Seated, left to right, at the home of Patchogue, N.Y., Lodge are: E.R. Harry Hollander, D.D. Charles O. Lawson and State Vice-Pres. Franklin J. Fitzpatrick of Lynbrook Lodge. Standing, Est. Lead. Knight Robert Fisher, Est. Loyal Knight Frank Schenck, Est. Lect. Knight Warren M. Mengel, Secy. Jack Briscoe and Inner Guard John O. Young, all of the host lodge. One of the biggest nights in the lodge's history, the occasion was Mr. Lawson's official visit when a number of men joined the Order.

5
When D.D. Vincent H. Grocott visited Long Beach, Calif., Lodge he made a tour of the U.S. Naval Hospital there and presented the lodge's gift of a combination television-radio console to the Hospital. Left to right are: Capt. F. C. Hill, Ensign C. W. O'Brien, D.D. Grocott, State Vice-Pres. Robert P. Mohrbacher and Co-Chairman Bert Carstensen of the lodge's Veterans' Committee. E.R. Freed Hair was also present.

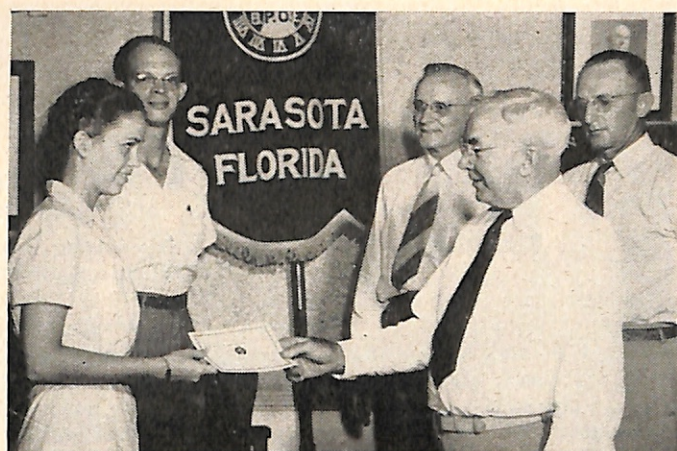
2
At Toledo, Ohio, Lodge are, left to right: E.R. William Fox; P.D.D. John C. Cochrane, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; D.D. Ivan R. Hesson, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCormick, Secy. of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission. A class of 14 was initiated in honor of the Deputy's visit.

4
Members of the Ontario, Ore., Lodge Committee appointed to present \$200 to Holy Rosary Hospital, left to right, Arthur Aguer, Jack Daugherty and R. L. Kirby, hand the check to Mother Stanislaus.

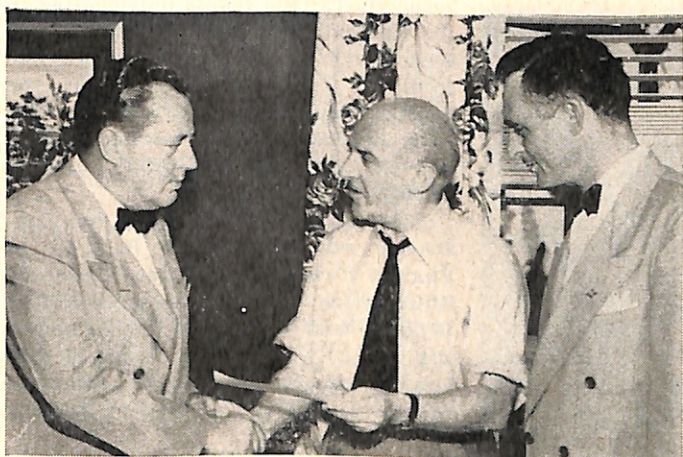
6
At the ceremony turning over Provo, Utah, Lodge's gift of a 1947 Oldsmobile sedan to the high school to be used in driver-training courses were, left to right: Mayor Mark Anderson, Supt. of Schools J. C. Moffitt and E.R. William Beazer. Other Elk officials stand in the background.



7. CAMBRIDGE, MD.



8. SARASOTA, FLA.



9. HUNTINGTON PARK, CALIF.



10. DE KALB, ILL.



11. LAMBERTVILLE, N. J.



12. EAST CHICAGO, IND.

7

Getting the \$250,000 campaign for modernization of the Cambridge-Maryland Hospital off to a good start, E.R. Grover J. Johnson of the local lodge, second from left, presents a \$1,000 check to P.E.R. Levi B. Phillips, Jr., General Chairman of Your Hospital Fund. Secretary Ivy R. Todd, Jr., left, and C. Awdry Thompson, Campaign Treasurer, look on. The Cambridge Elks also bought and installed a new hot water heater for the Hospital and have established a blood bank through donations of the membership.

8

Officials of Sarasota, Fla., Lodge present its annual \$1,000 scholarship award to the 1947 winner. Left to right are Miss Anna Lou Bearden, Inner Guard J. E. Mickler, Secretary R. B. Curry, Exalted Ruler C. Fred Hoffman and Est. Lead. Knight Everett Carr.

9

Est. Lead. Knight Louis Dalesandro looks on as Walter Winchell, center, accepts Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge's \$1,000 contribution to the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund from Exalted Ruler M. McFarlane.

10

Fire Chief Stanley Tastad, center, accepts DeKalb, Ill., Lodge's gift of an E. and J. Resuscitator. Exalted Ruler Edward McGirr, left, made the presentation during the official visit of District Deputy Victor Eichler, right.

11

Here is Lambertville, N. J., Lodge's basketball team which won the championship in the Hunterdon County League.

12

Officials of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge surround Roosevelt High School Principal Herbert C. Lahr, in dark coat, as he shakes the hand of E.R. J. Harold Fife when, with befitting ceremony, the lodge presented to the School City a large American Flag and a 65-foot steel staff with floodlights, erected on the school's football field and dedicated to the alumni of Roosevelt and Washington Schools who served in World War II.

News of the

STATE ASSOCIATIONS

TENNESSEE

The Tennessee State Elks Assn. held its Annual Convention in Bristol on October 17th and 18th with about 300 representatives from the various lodges present. Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland were on hand, as were Hugh W. Hicks, Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Floyd Brown, a representative of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission. Reports revealed the tremendous amount of work the Elks are doing for underprivileged children and the patients of the various VA hospitals in the State.

Though this Association is relatively small and has been in existence only a few years, great strides are being made. Of its \$900 annual income, the delegates voted to create a \$300 scholarship award to match that made available to the Association by the Elks National Foundation. Last year's winner will have her complete college education assured by Johnson City Lodge in whose jurisdiction she resides.

The banquet held Friday night was given by Bristol Lodge, with Mr. Lewis and Judge McClelland the principal speakers. A dance was held later, and a luncheon and barbecue the following day with another dance that evening supplied plenty of entertainment for the delegates and guests.

Next year's meeting will take place in Knoxville, and until that time the following men will manage the Association's affairs: Pres., E. J. Nunn, Jackson; Secy., H. E. Henry, Jr., Jackson; Ranking Vice-Pres., Edward W. McCabe, Nashville; Vice-Presidents: Clyde Bracewell, Memphis; S. J. Elkins, Jr., Knoxville, and George Hawkins, Greeneville; Treas., John T. Menefee, Chattanooga; Trustees: (three years) W. K. Foster, Jackson; (two years) C. F. Shofe, Bristol, and (one year) J. C. Armstrong, Columbia.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Concord Lodge No. 1210 was host to about 500 members on October 4th and 5th during the 1947 meeting of the New Hampshire State Elks Assn. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and Edward A. Spry, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee were among those who addressed the meeting. The Hon. Styles Bridges, Senior U. S. Senator for New Hampshire and a member of Concord Lodge, delivered the Memorial Address.

The delegates voted to complete payment of a \$1,000 Bond for the Foundation, and an additional \$1,500 was voted to construct and equip a baseball diamond for the Golden Rule Farm for Boys in Northfield. The next annual conclave will be held in Dover, with at least four regional meetings intervening.

The 1947-48 officers are: Pres., Leigh M. Wentworth, Concord; 1st Vice-Pres., Michael J. Nadeau, Dover; 2nd Vice-Pres., Edward C. Theriault, Nashua; 3rd Vice-Pres., Alfred O. Pederson, Claremont; Secy-Treas., Carl E. Kruger, Concord; Tiler, Fred C. Lord, Keene; Sgt.-at-Arms, Maurice A. Jacques, Laconia; Chaplain, John M. Armington, Concord, and Inner Guard, Chester L. McClintock, Franklin.

COLORADO

The 44th Annual Colorado State Elks Association Convention on Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st was nothing if not successful. Entertained by Colorado Springs Lodge No. 309, 3,000 Elks and their guests enjoyed every minute of the three-day conclave. Several dinners were given, with style shows, tours and teas to keep the ladies occupied while

ALL PATRIOTS ARE AMATEURS

(From the *Mauí News*, Hawaii)

Harry Bridges has disdainfully dismissed the nationwide Americanization program of the Elks Lodge with a wave of his hand and by characterizing the B.P.O.E. as "amateurs."

Yes, we guess the Elks are amateurs when stacked up against the communistic foe who has well learned every trick in the bag and who has long played the game as professionals, many of them in the pay of a foreign government.

History gives us three other amateurs who believed in the future of America and the liberty of mankind in George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln. It preserves for posterity memories of the tattered Continental amateurs at Valley Forge who broke the backs of the paid professional Hessians of King George.

The Elks are amateurs, just as were the gallant men of the 100th and 442nd Infantry who left their homes in Hawaii to defend their country against a trained, professional military machine that was the greatest history has recorded, until it ran up against millions upon millions more of American amateurs who fought for love of country.

The B.P.O.E. are amateurs like Maui's own 4th Marine division, like the naval air pilots who left civilian pursuits in the cities and the hamlets of America to drive back the professionals from the Islands of the Pacific.

Yes, Mr. Bridges, America and Americans will always keep their amateur standing, playing and fighting, not for pay, but for the sheer love of liberty, and living in the American way.

It would be interesting to know just who is paying off you self-confessed professionals!

the men were in session. Social highlights included the gigantic barbecue at Penrose Stadium, the Ice Show, dances and floor shows.

Pres. Lawrence E. Nelson, a member of the host lodge, kept things rolling smoothly at this session during which Leadville Lodge's Ritualistic Team won top honors, with Greeley and Canon City taking second and third places, respectively. Six teams participated in the Contest, two from the North District, two from the South District, one from the Central and one from the West. Results were extremely close, with Leadville Lodge scoring 98.87% and the sixth team, Grand Junction, 98.60%.

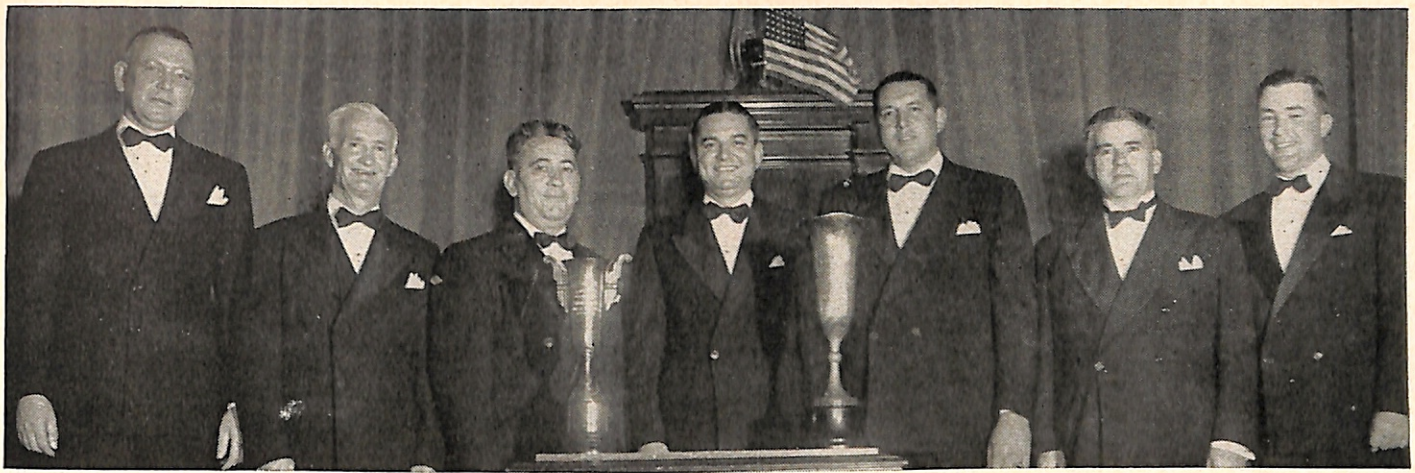
The outstanding address of the Convention was delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen. Governor William Lee Knous, a member of the Order, was another distinguished speaker, as were Mayor James McCullough and former Grand Chaplain George L. Nuckolls, District Deputy for Colorado West.

The men who will take care of the Association's business until it meets in Fort Collins in 1948 are: Pres., M. B. Chase, La Junta; Secy., (reelected) Frank H. Buskirk, Montrose; Treas., (reelected) Wm. R. Patterson, Greeley; Vice-Presidents: Norman E. Cobb, Denver; Frank C. Holitza, Boulder; Carl Holder, Rocky Ford, and Donald L. Johnson, Montrose; Trustees: Jacob L. Sherman, Denver; P. B. Griffith, Colorado Springs; Louis Weisberg, Longmont; Byron Albert, Fort Collins; C. J. Williams, Walsenburg; Gazzoli, Gunnison, and R. N. Israel, Ouray.

MISSISSIPPI

Officers of the Mississippi State Elks Assn. returned to their homes from Yazoo City fired with enthusiasm to put on a program of assistance to crippled children, and also to furnish equipment for a wing of a hospital dedicated to these unfortunate youngsters. These features were discussed at the meeting presided over by Pres. W. T. Walker at the home of Yazoo Lodge No. 473.

In cooperation with the Grand Lodge, upon presentation of its program by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, a member of the Elks National Foundation, the Mississippi Elk officials pledged their efforts to further a scholarship plan for worthy students of the State. Others present at this meeting were D.D.'s W. B. Wilkes of Greenville and Louis Schweitzer of Hattiesburg.



1. CALIFORNIA

1

Here are the officers of San Rafael, Calif., Lodge, winners of the 1947 California Elks Assn. Ritualistic Championship. They are pictured with trophies won at the contest. Left to right they are John M. Lethbridge, Thomas Nelson, Robert Brusatori, E.R. Carl Schieck, Robert Finn, Jr., J. Mansfield Lewis and Robert Rich.

2

This photo shows one of the daily flag-raising exercises at the North Carolina Elks Assn.'s Camp for Boys. During the past summer 412 boys were entertained in two-week periods.



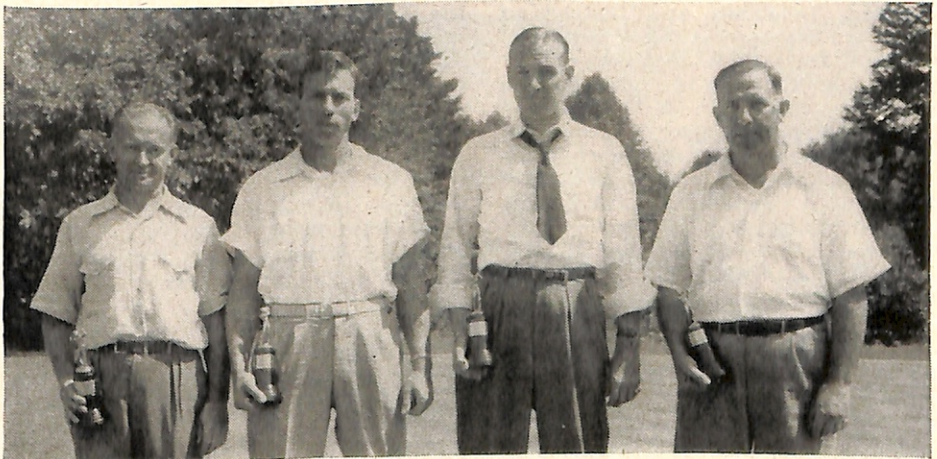
3

These men comprise Titusville, Pa., Lodge's Golf Team which won the tourney at the Penna. State Elks Assn. Convention. Left to right with their 54-hole scores, are B. F. Kraffert, Jr. (236), George M. Henne, Jr. (235), John Haskell (220) and Charles Daly (254). Mr. Haskell won the tournament with a 54-hole total of 220, winding up with a 72 in his last round.

2. NORTH CAROLINA

4

Among those at the Tennessee Elks Association Convention dinner were, left to right: Past Vice-Pres. James J. Farrell; Treas. John T. Menefee; Grand Trustee Hugh W. Hicks; Mrs. Lewis; Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis; E.R. E. D. Mahaffey of Bristol Lodge; Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland; retiring State Pres. Albert G. Heins; Mrs. Heins; Pres.-elect E. J. Nunn, and Mrs. E. D. Mahaffey.



3. PENNSYLVANIA



4. TENNESSEE

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

GRAND Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis was the guest of **ROANOKE, VA., LODGE, NO. 197**, October 19th at a buffet luncheon at the lodge home. He was accompanied by Mrs. Lewis, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert S. Barrett, D.D. and Mrs. K. V. Brugh and Supt. and Mrs. Robert A. Scott of the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va.

Another Virginia lodge, **PORTSMOUTH NO. 82**, was honored by a visit from the Order's leader on October 21st. At a reception, he was introduced personally to several hundred members who heard his stirring address. Events of the evening were in charge of the lodge's Entertainment Committee whose Chairman is Alfred M. Morse.

WASHINGTON, D. C., LODGE, NO. 15, welcomed Mr. Lewis and Dr. Barrett on October 22nd when a class of candidates was initiated in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Prior to the lodge meeting the officers and P.E.R.'s were hosts to their guests at a dinner in the Mayflower Hotel. Among the P.E.R.'s were Rosell T. Pickrel, President of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association, P.D.D. Ambrose A. Durkin, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, Past Presidents John E. Lynch and Philip U. Gayaut, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and George E. Strong, a former member of the latter Committee. Mrs. Lewis was entertained at dinner at the Mayflower by several Elks ladies, after which they attended a play at the National Theatre.

The following day **SILVER SPRING, MARYLAND, LODGE, NO. 1677**, welcomed Mr. Lewis and his wife. After a luncheon at Mrs. K's Toll House Tavern, the visitors were escorted to the lodge home in a motorcade headed by the Elks Boys and Girls Band. E.R. Leo G. Koepfle, P.E.R.'s Donald K. Staley and Andrew J. Kessinger and their wives were among those present at the luncheon. Open house was held after a parade.

Arriving in Baltimore from Silver Spring that afternoon the visiting dignitaries were met at the city line by a welcoming committee of members of **BALTIMORE LODGE NO. 7**. These included E.R. Joseph L. Manning, Est. Lead. Knight David H. Goldman, Est. Loyal Knight John R. Schueler and Est. Lect. Knight Anselm Sodaro, Secretary Edward R. Young and many others. P.E.R. Charles G. Hawthorne went to Silver Spring to act as a personal escort to the visitors and accompanied them to Havre de Grace and Wilmington.

Headed by a police motorcycle escort the party went to the City Hall to be greeted by Mayor Thomas D'Alesandro, Jr., a member of No. 7, and a large group of Elks. The Mayor presented the Key to the City to the Grand Exalted Ruler. Early in the evening Mr. Lewis was escorted to the lodge home where he met D.D. Richard C. Munson and a number of officers and members of nearby lodges at a reception. A dinner held later had as Toastmaster City Comptroller J. Neill McCardell, while E.R. Manning gave the welcoming address. About 400 attended.

The members of **HUNTINGTON, W. VA., LODGE, NO. 313**, were hosts to Mr. Lewis at a dinner at the Hotel Frederick and an evening meeting at the lodge home on October 30th following his visit to **SISTERSVILLE, W. VA., LODGE, NO. 333**. At the lodge session in Huntington Mr. Lewis urged the membership "to build at least one house with the collective labor of the lodge members" and sell it to aid charitable projects. He also recommended that the Boy Scout movement be supported by the Order to a greater extent as a means of combatting communistic influences among our young people. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner accompanied this year's Number One Elk from Wheeling and introduced him to the gathering. He and Mr. Lewis were met by a reception committee composed of E.R. Paul S. Foster, State Assn. Pres. A. E. Kallmerten, P.E.R.'s Frank F. Martin, E. E. Winters, Jr., Nathan R. Baker and several others.

About 400 Elks from Saginaw and neighboring towns turned out to hear the Grand Exalted Ruler's forceful address at the home of **SAGINAW, MICH., LODGE, NO. 47**, on Nov. 4th. The distinguished visitor was presented to the crowd by D.D. Edward R. Goldman. P.E.R. Floyd G. Torongo was Toastmaster at the affair which had dinner music by the Elks Glee Club led by David H. Reese. A feature of the program was the presentation of a gold-engraved Bible to Mr. Lewis by E.R. M. Wendell Caister.

E.R. W. Preston Hull was toastmaster at a testimonial dinner in Mr. Lewis' honor given by **GETTYSBURG, PA., LODGE, NO. 1045**, on Nov. 6th. About 350 Elks attended; Chaplain James S. Shenk gave the invocation, while the address of welcome was the pleasant duty of Judge W. C. Sheely. State Trustee H. Earl Pitzer introduced visiting lodge officers from Columbia, Hanover, York, Carlisle, Lancaster, Red Lion, Middletown, Waynesboro, Harrisburg, Chambersburg and Lebanon of the

1
At the huge Sunbury, Pa., Elk affair honoring the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit were, left to right, Grand Trustee Howard R. Davis, L. A. Lewis, E.R. Lewis S. Sober, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Grakelow and F. J. Schrader, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, J. Edgar Masters.

2
Mr. Lewis receives the key to the city of Baltimore from a fellow Elk, Mayor Thomas D'Alesandro, Jr., in the presence of Mrs. Lewis and P.E.R. Charles G. Hawthorne, left, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, and E.R. Joseph L. Manning.

3
The Grand Exalted Ruler shakes hands with E.R. Albert E. Taylor of Port Huron, Mich., Lodge, on the plaza of the Blue Water Bridge connecting Michigan with Ontario, Canada. The group includes Grand Lodge, State Association and lodge officers.

4
This group of Wisconsin dignitaries includes Mr. Lewis, Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Bert A. Thompson and E.R. John Robinson, at Kenosha, Wis., Lodge.

5
Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis is pictured with officers and members of Alexandria, Va., Lodge at the grave of George Washington in Mt. Vernon, Va. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert South Barrett, third from right, and Ambrose A. Durkin, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, sixth from left.



1. SUNBURY, PA.



2. BALTIMORE, MD.



3. PORT HURON, MICH.



4. KENOSHA, WIS.



5. ALEXANDRIA, VA.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS

Penna. So. Central District, as well as Hagerstown, Md., and Winchester, Va. Pres. R. J. Maloney of the Penna. State Elks Assn. spoke briefly, and, following Mr. Lewis' fine talk, Mr. Hull, on behalf of his lodge, gave him a gavel made from a tree struck by a bullet during the famed Battle of Gettysburg. Other speakers were Past State Presidents Scott E. Drum, Edward D. Smith and Dr. Charles V. Hogan, and D.D. L. A. McKenzie.

At a banquet given for Mr. Lewis by **SUNBURY, PA., LODGE NO. 267**, on Nov. 7th, he paid tribute to Pennsylvania which shares with his native State, California, in Elk membership and activities. He gave particular praise to No. 267 and the North Central Dist. of which it is a part. He received a new Westinghouse Radio, one of the first 75 built at the Home Radio Division plant for distribution among the Westinghouse agencies, and the first exhibited locally. Presented to the guest of honor by E.R. Lewis S. Sober, it was unveiled by the removal of a covering of Elks' purple by two officers, Westinghouse employees. Two other radios, portable models in tan leather cases, were given to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Grakelow, Toastmaster, and Grand Trustee Howard R. Davis. Another gift of the evening was the huge portrait by Walter Fuge which hung directly back of Mr. Lewis' chair, facing the other 300 diners. The distinguished Californian arrived from Gettysburg accompanied by Mr. Grakelow, Earl Pitzer, a Trustee of the Assn., and F. J. Schrader, assistant to Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters. Before the conclusion of the banquet, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis left to be driven to Harrisburg to meet a train leaving at eleven for the West.

The beautiful souvenir program, carrying a photo of Mr. Lewis, announced the event as the climax of the lodge's 54th Anniversary celebration. Rev. Leo F. Duerr, Chaplain of the State Assn., delivered the invocation, and among the speakers were Grand Trustee Davis, Past State Pres. Lee A. Donaldson, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and the Exalted Ruler. After dinner, the entertainment committee cleared the tables and changed the ballroom into an auditorium for the presentation of a New York floor show. The final ceremony was the Eleven O'clock Toast given by E.R. Sober, to the musical accompaniment of the Capitol Theater Orchestra.

For the first time in its 52-year history, **PORT HURON, MICH., LODGE NO. 343**, entertained a Grand Exalted Ruler when Mr. and Mrs. Lewis made that city a stop on the midwestern tour.

Many Grand Lodge officers, Michigan State Elks Association officials and officers of No. 343 were on hand to greet the party.

The Lewises were visitors to Indiana from Nov. 8th through the 12th. Guests of **SOUTH BEND LODGE NO. 235** on the 8th, the visitors attended the Notre Dame-Army football game with Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle and his wife, and were entertained by No. 235 later.

On the 9th, the two couples, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Willard Van Horn of East Chicago, went to Lafayette, where they were met by State Pres. Dr. A. A. Pielemeier and his wife, and State Secy. C. L. Shideler. A delightful luncheon was given by **LAFAYETTE LODGE NO. 143** at the Elks Country Club, after which a reception was held at the Elks City Club. A banquet took place that evening at the Fowler Hotel for members of the Order, while the ladies were entertained at the Country Club. After the lodge session, the caravan returned to Gary.

On Nov. 10th, luncheon at the Gary Hotel honored Mr. Lewis, while his wife was feted at a luncheon at the home of **GARY LODGE NO. 1152**. During the afternoon a tour of the Carnegie Steel Co. occupied the party's attention, and in the evening a banquet at the Gary Hotel was the big event. Later on, after a lodge meeting, a social hour was enjoyed.

The following day, the party proceeded to Logansport where a reception and luncheon were held with officials, members and ladies of **LOGANS-PORT LODGE NO. 66**, before they left for Greenfield where they were welcomed by the high school band. A reception at the home of **GREENFIELD LODGE NO. 1720** was most pleasant, and a journey to the home of James Whitcomb Riley, most interesting. At Anderson a reception was held in the Anderson Hotel prior to the banquet at the home of **ANDERSON LODGE NO. 209**. After the meeting, the travelers left for Indianapolis, with E.R. Stanley O. Mascoc, Secy. Larry S. Combs and P.E.R. L. A. Krebs and their wives joining the group at Anderson.

The next day a luncheon was held in Mr. Lewis' honor by **INDIANAPOLIS LODGE NO. 13** at the Antlers Hotel which was attended by Governor Ralph Gates, a member of the Order, and other State dignitaries. The ladies were entertained by Mrs. Gates at the Governor's Mansion. The party then left for Terre Haute for an afternoon reception at the home of **TERRE HAUTE LODGE NO. 86**, followed by a banquet.

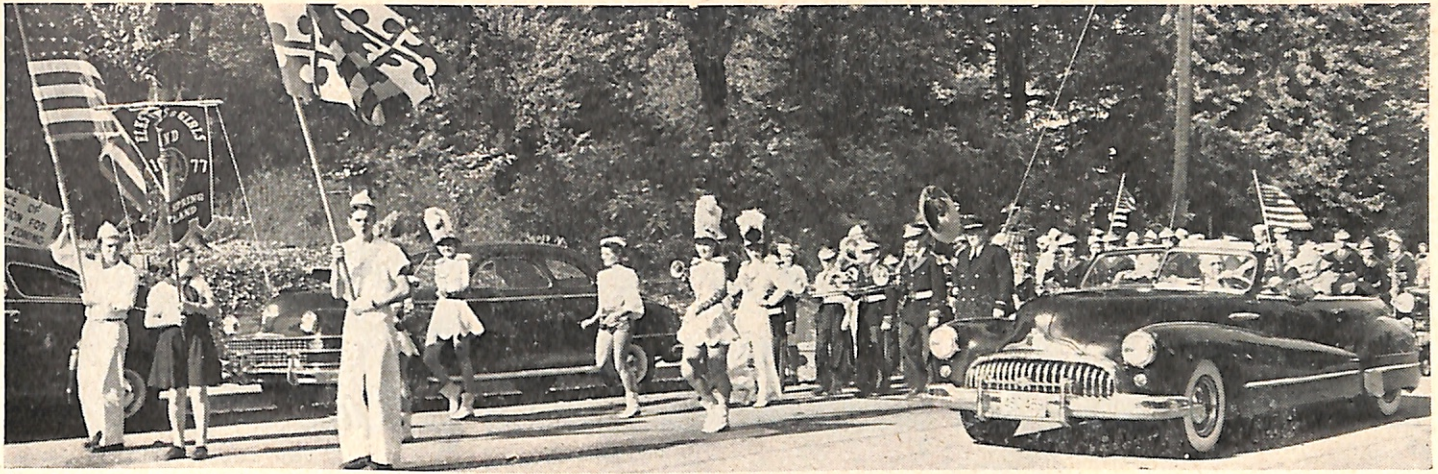
1 Here is part of the parade which welcomed Mr. Lewis and his official party to Silver Spring, Md.

2 The Grand Exalted Ruler inspects the gavel containing a bullet fired during the famous Civil War Battle, which was given him by E.R. W. Preston Hull of Gettysburg, Pa., Lodge.

3 At Portsmouth, Va., Lodge are Elk officials who greeted Mr. Lewis and Dr. Barrett. Seated, left to right, are Est. Lead. Knight Henry C. Robey, Jr., Mr. Lewis, E.R. T. J. Rountree and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Barrett.

4 At the Logansport, Ind., Elk reception for Mr. Lewis were the Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle, State Pres. Dr. A. A. Pielemeier, and State Secy. C. L. Shideler, and their wives. Officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge and their ladies were also present.

5 Mr. Lewis and Dr. Barrett are pictured with the officers of Washington, D. C., Lodge and a large class of candidates initiated to celebrate the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit.



1. SILVER SPRING, MD.



2. GETTYSBURG, PA.



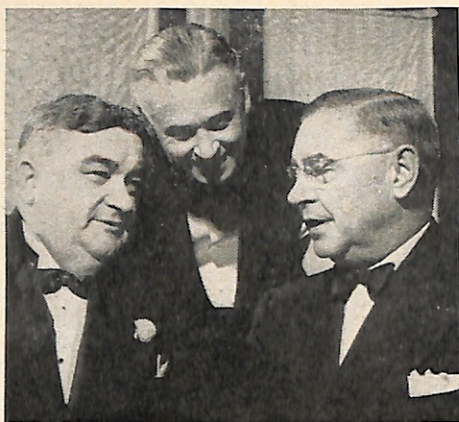
3. PORTSMOUTH, VA.



4. LOGANSPORT, IND.



5. WASHINGTON, D. C.



1.



2.



3.

1

Mr. Lewis, right, talks things over with E.R. Albert J. Klesl and William I. O'Neill of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, at Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge.

2

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Lewis board the Union Pacific's "City of Los Angeles" on an eastward step in his year-long journey to lodges all over the country.

3

E.R. M. Wendell Caister hands to the Order's leader a gold-engraved Bible, the gift of Saginaw, Mich., Lodge.

4

With the Grand Exalted Ruler at Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge were, left to right: D.D. Vincent Grocutt, Mr. Lewis, E.R. M. McFarlane and C. P. Hebenstreit, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.

5

Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge entertained L. A. Lewis at a testimonial dinner at the Fort Henry Club, and initiated a large class in his honor. Left to right are P.E.R. William Callahan, Chairman of the Program Committee; Secy. Adam Martin, the Grand Exalted Ruler; E.R. R. T. Brooks and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner.

6

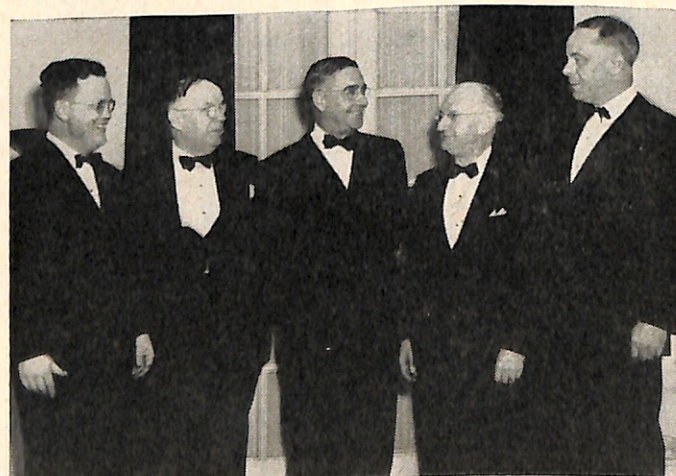
The Nation's leading Elk, right, paid a visit to Racine, Wis., Lodge with Bert A. Thompson, left, and congratulated the lodge's Secretary William Otto, center, on his reelection as Treas. of the Wis. State Elks Assn.

7

At Huntington, W. Va., Lodge for its welcome to Mr. Lewis were, left to right: E.R. Paul S. Foster, Mr. Lewis, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner and A. E. Kallmerten, President of the West Virginia State Elks Association.



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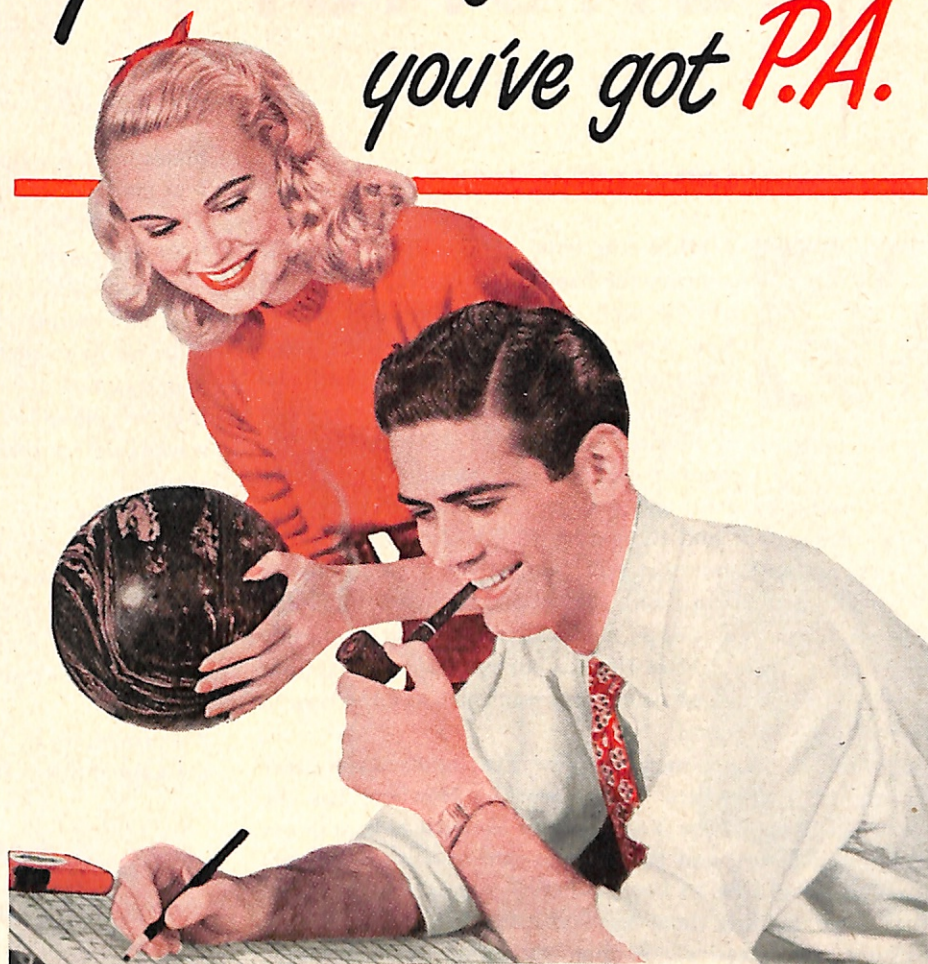
The ladies enjoyed a style show while the men were attending a lodge session, after which everyone got together at the Terre Haute House.

Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters was present at the Gary meeting, joining the caravan at Anderson and completing the Indiana tour from there. Other dignitaries who were in the party through the State at various times were State Assn. Vice-Presidents Simpson Stoner, Robert L. DeHority, Ray Jorg and Thomas E. Burke, State Treas. W. A. Cresson, State Trustees Richard Degler, Cecil Rappe and Dr. William A. Hart, Sgt-at-Arms Al Schlorch, State Chaplain Paul Mason and D.D.'s O. D. Dorsey, Joseph M. Doyle, Richter Castle and Norman L. Freeland.

Nov. 17th found Mr. Lewis and his party at the homes of two Wisconsin lodges, **KENOSHA NO. 750** and **MILWAUKEE NO. 46**. He addressed Kenoshans at a noon dinner session at the home when officers and Past Exalted Rulers of No. 750 were present, including Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Bert A. Thompson, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.

The Grand Exalted Ruler visited all Wisconsin lodges at the home of Milwaukee Lodge. Approximately 300 new and old members of No. 46 attended the Stag Banquet held in the Marine Dining Room in his honor, after which the meeting and initiation of the candidates took place in the lodge room. Escorted and formally introduced by Esquire Rollo C. Lindquist, Mr. Lewis joined E.R. Albert J. Kiesl and other dignitaries on the rostrum. These included Mr. Thompson, Mayor John L. Bohn, D.D.'s John M. Poole, James G. Franey and Ray C. Fett, William I. O'Neill, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and the following officers of the Wisconsin State Elks Assn., Pres. Dr. A. V. Delmore, Vice-Pres. Wm. F. Eulberg, Secy. Leo Schmalz, Treas., William H. Otto, Inner Guard Charles Hervey, Sgt.-at-Arms Capt. Fred E. Theilacker, Chairman of the Board of Trustees A. J. Geniessée, Trustees Frank W. Fisher, Elmer J. Reese, Ray J. Fink and George A. Vehlow and Past Presidents Frank T. Lynde, A. W. Parnell and Frank L. Fawcett. The newly organized Elks Chorus sang and the Elks Plugs, 50 strong, participated in the ceremony and put on a marvelous exhibition drill. About 500 members were present, when 31 Milwaukee men were initiated, three for Waukesha, and one each for Janesville, Antigo, La Crosse, Superior and Sheboygan Lodges. Large delegations from many Wisconsin and Northern Illinois lodges attended the celebration. Col. James M. Murphy was speaker for the class of new members, and Mr. O'Neill introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler to the lodge, who accepted a gift of an oil painting from No. 46 and a pressure cooker from Two Rivers Lodge No. 1380. The Elks Military Band entertained at the stag party which brought this most enjoyable program to a close.

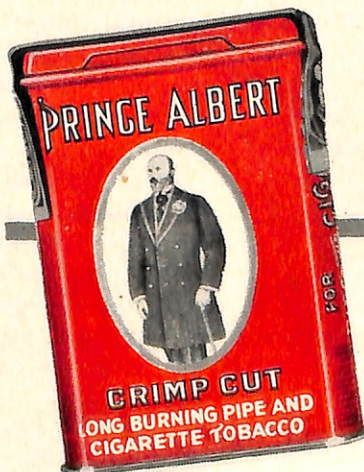
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**THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE**



editorial

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . ."
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

HAPPY NEW YEAR



WHEN this issue of *The Elks Magazine* comes to the hands of our readers the world will be well across the threshold of the New Year, and 1947, with its trials, troubles, disappointments and disasters will be relegated to the chambers of Time to await the post-mortems of history.

A year ago all people were looking forward to the advent of 1947 with prayerful anticipation. It was a universal hope that its end would find the world well on the road to peace and international understanding, but the year closed upon an ominous note of discord with the nations of the earth divided into two ideological camps with differences that seemingly cannot be reconciled. But there is always hope; it "springs eternal". The people of no country want war, and the road to peace may yet be found.

Here in our own country the New Year received a warmer welcome than anywhere in the world. Nowhere has the salutation, "Happy New Year", meant so much as here in our own United States, and the number one resolution of every American should be to keep America strong, free from internal strife, helping those less fortunate than ourselves, thus to insure a progressively happier succession of New Years.

To the world, Peace, and to Elks everywhere—"A Happy New Year".

THE HAPPY GIVER*

By George and Helen Papashvily



(TO GIVE, joyously and generously so that one's store is counted "in what is spent not in what is saved" is a basic principle of Elk philosophy. It was this principle that inspired the creation of the Elks National Foundation as a medium through which we may give, and still save that which is given. "The Happy Giver", an interpretation of a few words of a Caucasian poet of eight centuries ago, so illustrates the way the Foundation offers to give so as to "hold that which is yours forever", that it is presented here as a thought for the New Year. Ed.)

"What you keep is lost—

What you give is forever yours" S'hota Rustaveli.

For eight hundred years these words have given men a pattern for friendship.

S'hota Rustaveli, a poet of Russia's Caucasus, wrote them first in his epic, "The Man in the Panther's Skin". Soon they belonged to a whole people.

Potters scratched the couplet on the soft, unglazed clay of

plates. Smiths etched the lines on silver. Women embroidered it around their scarves' edges.

The words were memorized, repeated, quoted. More than that—they were lived.

Why did such a simple phrase capture so many hearts?

Probably because men eight hundred years ago were not much different from men today. They hoarded treasures, too, and then schemed to protect them from fire and flood, tarnish and thieves, rust and decay, until Rustaveli showed them this easy way to defeat these enemies—even that cruellest one of all—time.

Give to keep.

So giving became a joyous obligation; hospitality a ritual of delight. Men shared their labors, talents, good counsel, sympathy, understanding with these who needed them and received in turn the same gifts back again—a widening circle that could—in time—make all men friends.

*Reprinted from *This Week Magazine*. Copyright 1947 by the United States Newspapers Magazine Corporation.

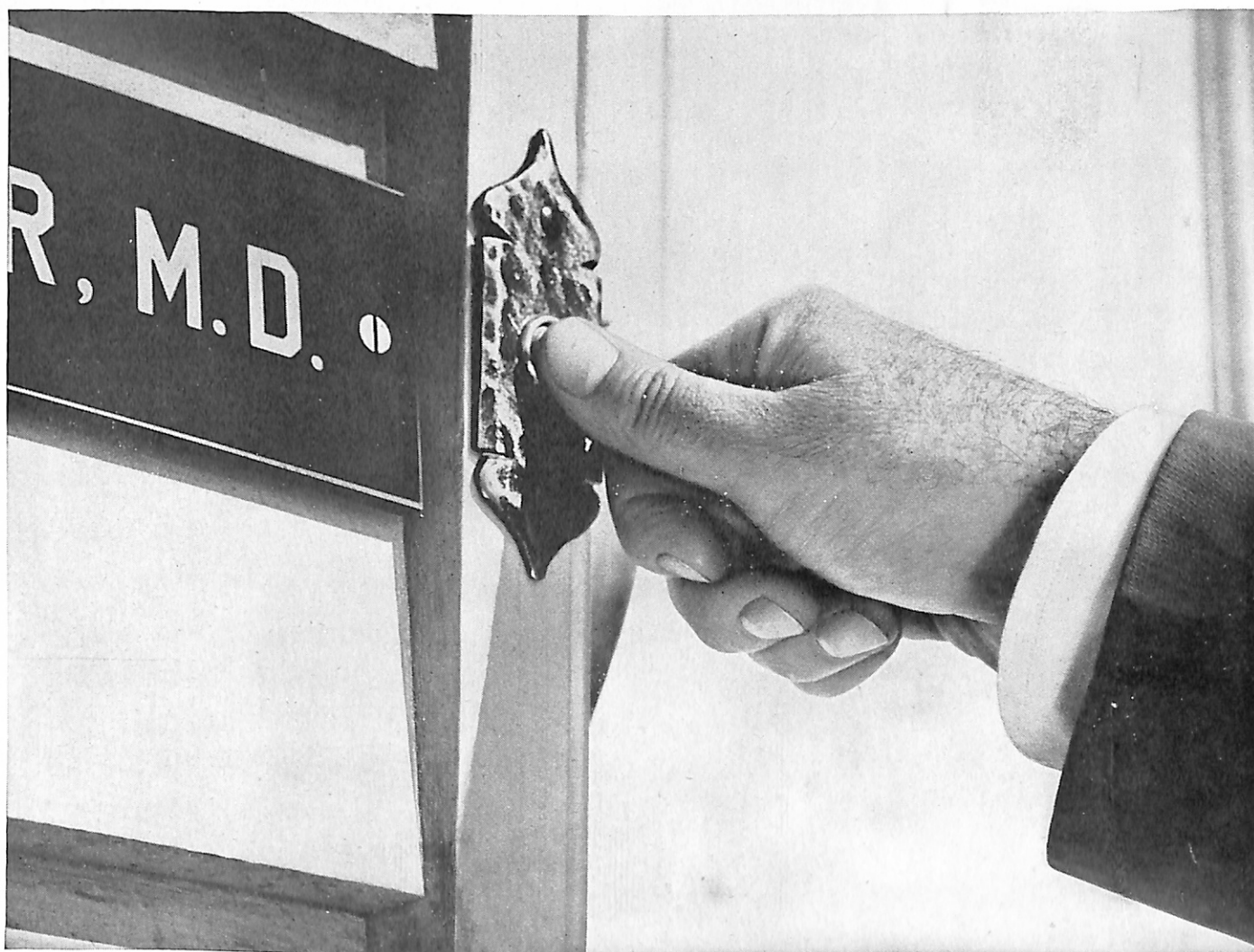
THE GOLDEN BOOK



THE ELKS National Foundation now opens the way for all members to enjoy the happiness that comes to those who give. A Golden Book of Elksdom is placed in the custody of each lodge and every member who subscribes to this splendid philanthropy will have his name inscribed therein. The Grand Lodge Session of 1948 will mark the twentieth birthday of the Foundation, and it is the desire of the Trustees to bring its funds up to the \$2,000,000 mark in celebration of this event. They rely upon the individual members of the Order to accomplish this result, and are sure they will not fail.

Subscriptions have been coming from lodges, State Associations and philanthropically inclined members who, familiar with the great work of the Foundation, have voluntarily contributed to its funds. Now the appeal is made direct to all members, and The Golden Book of Elksdom is ready to record permanently the name of those who give.

Each lodge will have a special Elks National Foundation Committee as custodians of The Golden Book of Elksdom. Send your subscription to your lodge. You may do so with the assurance that whatever you send will go on working forever. The Foundation has no "overhead", every dollar goes to work the moment it is received. In the words of Chairman John F. Malley, "The Elks National Foundation is perpetual. Only the income from invested principle is used. Every addition to the Foundation makes an enduring increase in the power of our Order and sustains the confidence of every Elk that our influence for good grows greater every year."



Your First Move AT THE FIRST SIGN OF CANCER

THE way to win against cancer is to discover it early—then go immediately to your doctor for diagnosis and treatment.

If this is done, your chances are

even or better of coming out on top.

That is why one should always be on the lookout for cancer's danger signals. Watch for them in yourself, in your friends and in members of your family.

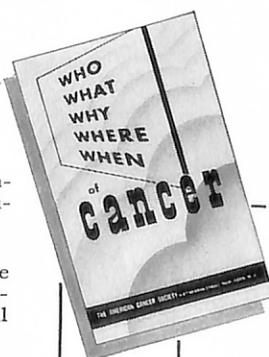
Don't be afraid to learn the truth. Your doctor may give you the good news your fears are groundless. Or that a relatively simple course of

treatment, in the light of new medical discoveries, is producing wonderful results in similar cases. But whatever you're told, the sooner you act, the better the news will be.

Remember—you can't *diagnose* cancer yourself, but you can *suspect* it. Be on the lookout. Check up on yourself from time to time. Write for important free booklet—today.



1. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips.
2. A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip or tongue.
3. Progressive change in the color or size of a wart, mole or birthmark.
4. Persistent indigestion.
5. Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough, or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Bloody discharge from the nipple or irregular bleeding from any of the natural body openings.
7. Any change in the normal bowel habits.



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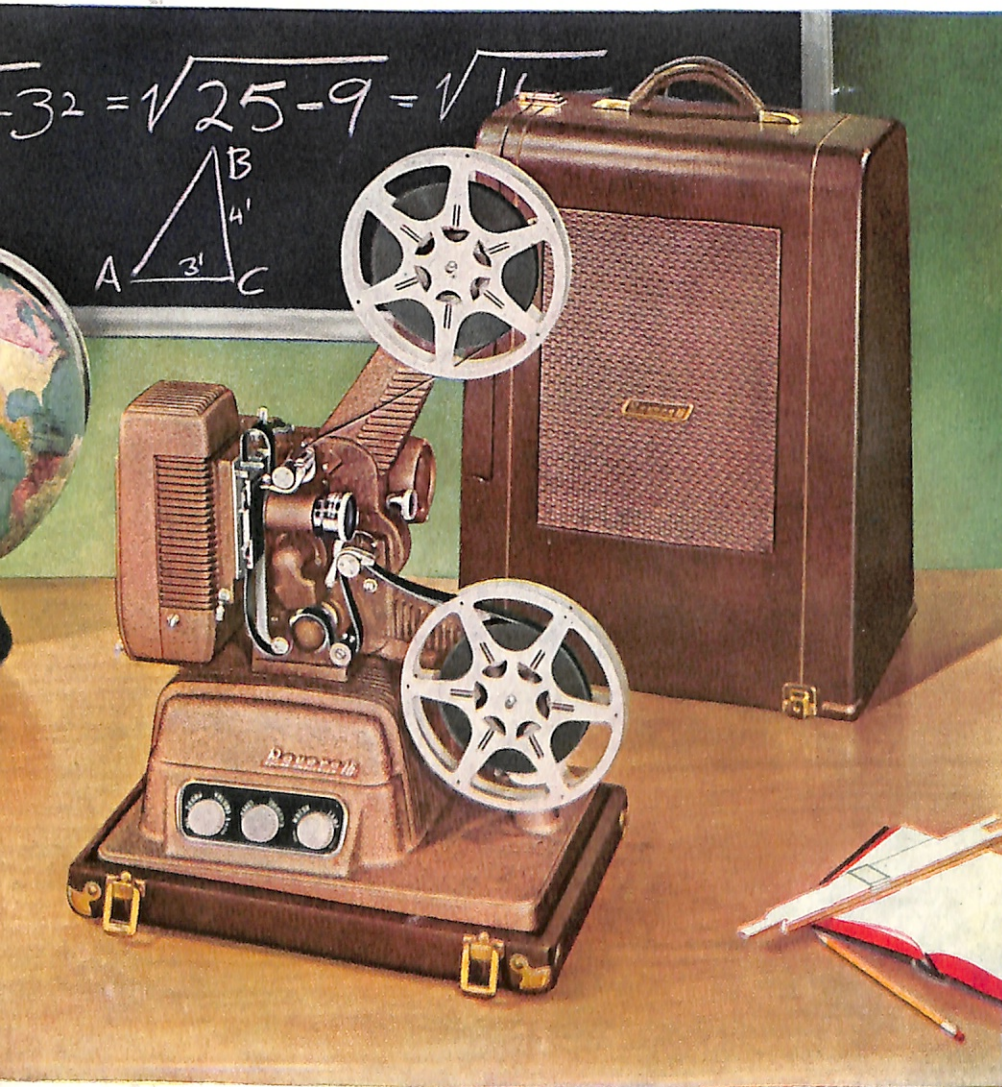
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